

# Shadow

COM

VOL. 4 NO. 5

AUGUST 1944

10¢



THE SHADOW  
BRINGS TERROR  
TO TOKIO





Address .....

City..... State.....

# The Shadow

BRINGS...  
TERROR  
TO  
TOKIO!!

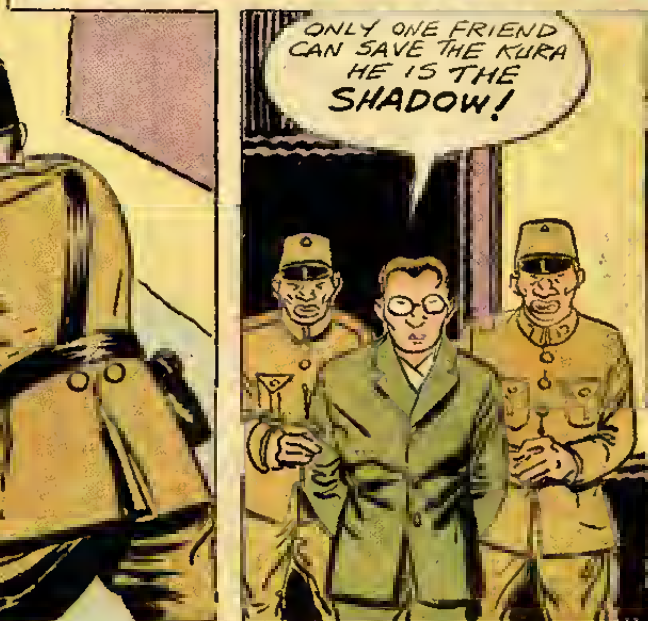


**D**URING THE DARK DAYS THAT MARKED THE DEGENERATION OF JAPAN INTO A WAR-MAD STATE, THERE EXISTED A GROUP OF TRUE PATRIOTS WHO PLEADED CONSTANTLY FOR PEACE.... HOUNDED BY THE RULING MILITARISTS, THIS GROUP WAS FORCED INTO HIDING TO BECOME AN UNDERGROUND ORGANIZATION TERMED THE KURA... NOW, FERRETED OUT BY MILITARY SPIES THE EXISTENCE OF THE KURA IS THREATENED, UNTIL ONE POWER CAN SAVE IT...

THE  
SHADOW!!!!



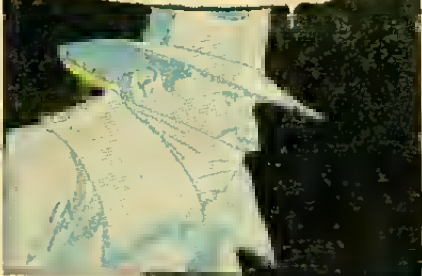








UNFORTUNATELY MY OWN  
INVISIBILITY DOES NOT  
ALWAYS APPLY TO THE  
SHADOW WHICH I CAST.  
WHEN I WAS APPROACHING  
THIS SECRET PLACE...



... A PATROL OPENED FIRE  
IN MY DIRECTION, PROVING  
THAT MY ARRIVAL WAS  
EXPECTED!

SHUJI'S  
WORK!

HE HAS  
LEARNED  
EVERY-  
THING!

HE WILL  
REPORT TO  
OUR ENEMY,  
TOJO!



WE MUST  
QUESTION ALL  
MEMBERS OF  
THE KURA!

UNTIL WE  
LEARN  
WHICH ONE  
IS SHUJI!



WAIT!

USE  
ITO!

WE ARE  
CERTAIN  
OF HIS  
LOYALTY

I THANK  
YOU ALL  
FOR THIS  
HONOR



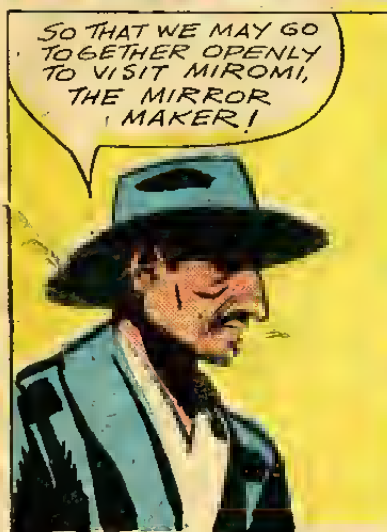
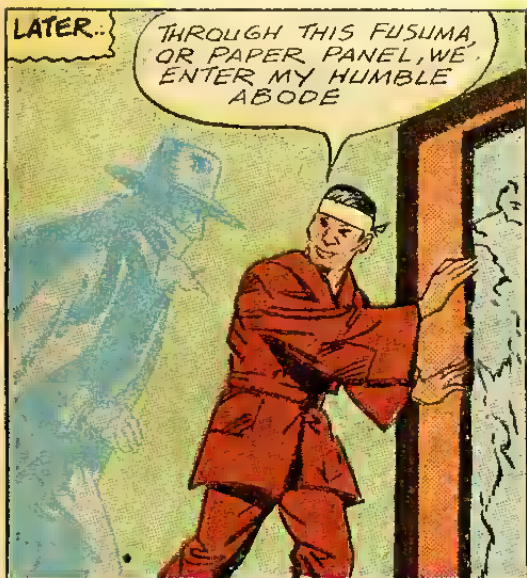
FINDING SHUJI IS MY  
WORK. WE SHALL DO IT  
BY INSTILLING TERROR  
INTO ALL SPIES LIKE  
HIM! I SHALL USE  
ONE MAN TO BEGIN  
MY PLAN



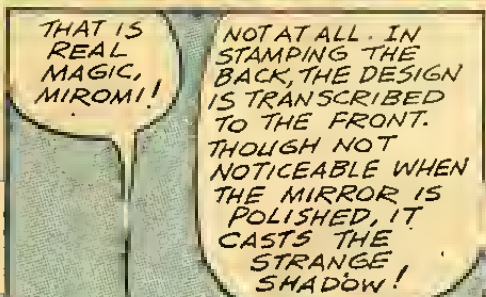
COME, ITO.  
WE HAVE  
WORK  
TO DO











**LEAVING MIROMI'S MIRROR FACTORY, THE SHADOW AND ITO ATTEND A MEETING OF THE KURA**











SO YOU ARE  
THE SHADOW,  
COME TO  
HELP US!

COME TO  
HELP YOU,  
RIKYU...

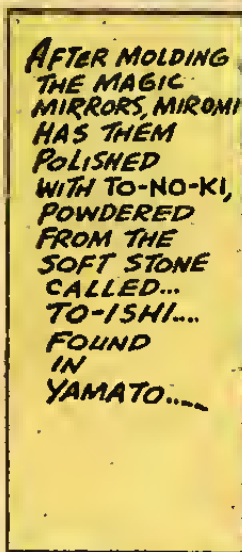


BUT YOU MUST HELP  
BY PRETENDING TO  
GO MAD. START  
SHOUTING THAT YOU  
ARE REALLY SHUJI,  
IMPRISONED BY  
MISTAKE!



BUT NOBODY KNOWS  
WHAT SHUJI LOOKS  
LIKE.. NOT EVEN  
TOJO

TOJO THINKS  
SHUJI LOOKS  
LIKE YOU,  
WHICH MAKES  
IT PERFECT!



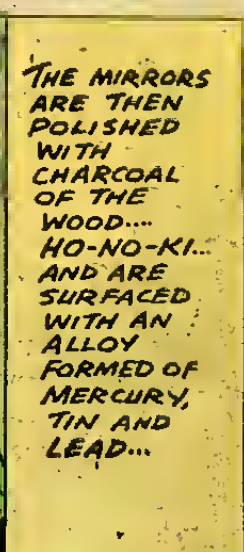
AFTER MOLDING  
THE MAGIC  
MIRRORS, MIROMI  
HAS THEM  
POLISHED  
WITH TO-NO-KI,  
POWDERED  
FROM THE  
SOFT STONE  
CALLED...  
TO-ISHI...  
FOUND  
IN  
YAMATO....



HOW SOON WILL  
THE MIRRORS  
BE READY,  
MIROMI?



BY TONIGHT,  
GOOD FRIEND  
ITO



THE MIRRORS  
ARE THEN  
POLISHED  
WITH  
CHARCOAL  
OF THE  
WOOD...  
HO-NO-KI...  
AND ARE  
SURFACED  
WITH AN  
ALLOY  
FORMED OF  
MERCURY,  
TIN AND  
LEAD...



MEANWHILE....

I AM SHUJI!  
I AM SHUJI!



HONORABLE TOJO,  
DISHONORABLE RIKYU  
KEEPS CLAIMING  
HE IS HONORABLE  
SHUJI

LET  
THE  
FOOL  
RAVE!



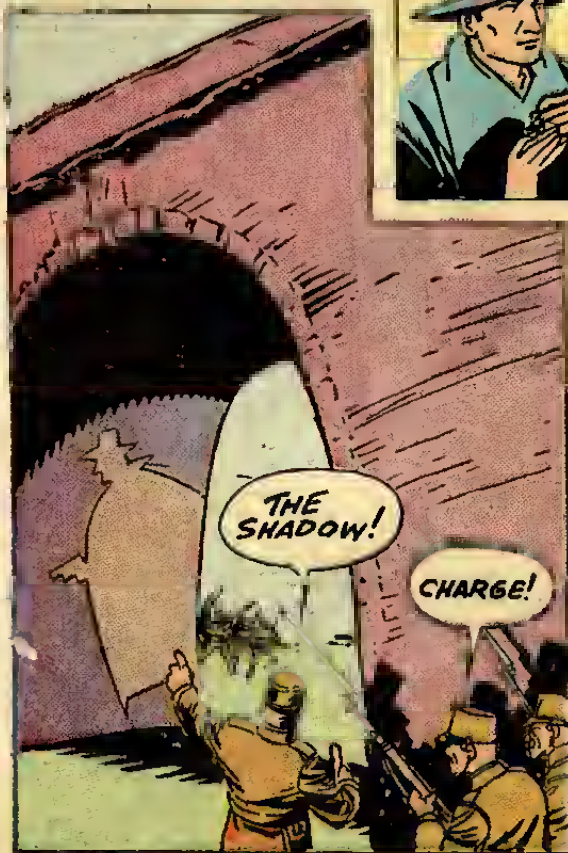
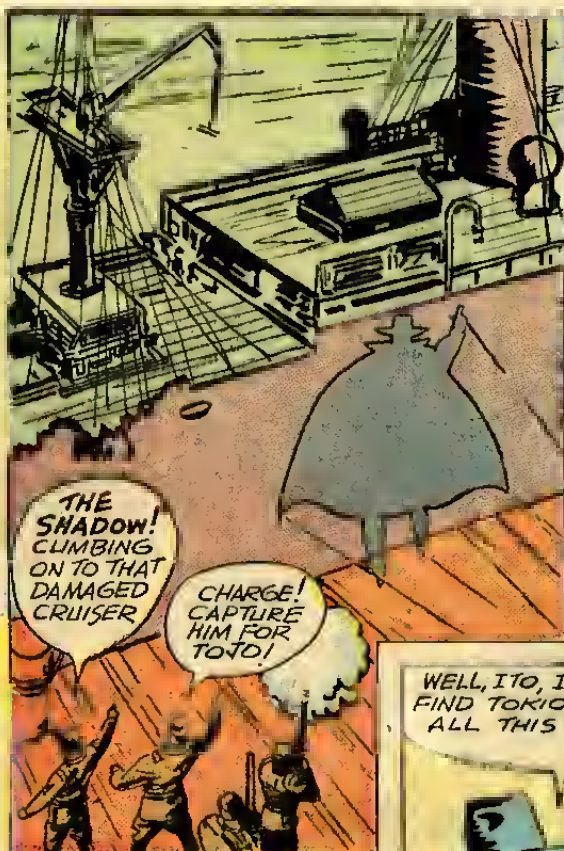
I AM  
SHUJI!

TOJO  
SAY  
SHOUT  
ALL  
YOU  
WANT











AND SO THE TERROR INCREASES UNTIL... AS THE SHADOW HAS FORESEEN... ONE OF THE MANY MAGIC MIRRORS FALLS INTO SHUJI'S HANDS...

THE SHADOW... SHOOT QUICKLY!

IT IS NO USE... HE WILL ONLY VANISH!

THE SHADOW... EVERYWHERE!

AND NOBODY CAN KILL HIM!

YES, RIKYU, WE HAVE BEEN USING A HUNDRED OF THESE MIRRORS

AH! VERY CLEVER! LET ME HAVE THIS ONE!

IT IS ALL A HOAX, TOJO. YOU SEE? THERE IS NO SHADOW!

YOU SHOULD HAVE DISCOVERED THIS SOONER, SHUJI!

GENERAL ORDER FROM TOJO! STOP SHOOTING AT SHADOWS! THEY ARE ALL ONE TRICK... DONE WITH MIRRORS!



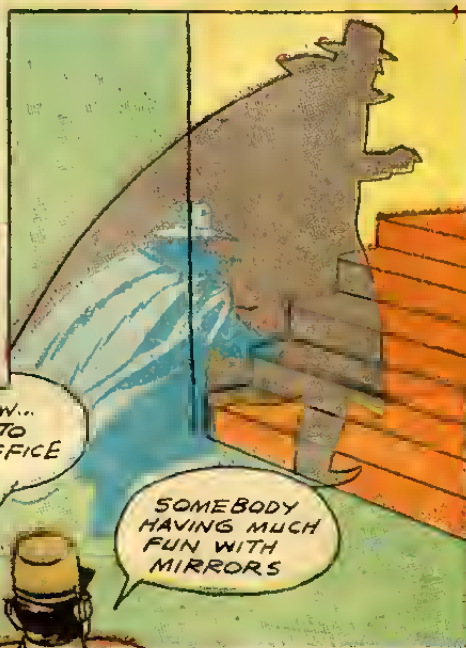


LOOK!  
THE  
SHADOW!

DO NOT  
SHOOT!  
ORDERS  
FROM  
TOJO  
SAY IT  
IS A TRICK!



THOSE MIRRORS  
PAVED THE WAY.  
WHEREVER I WANT  
TO GO!



THE SHADOW...  
GOING UP TO  
TOJO'S OFFICE

SOMEBODY  
HAVING MUCH  
FUN WITH  
MIRRORS



I SHALL ORDER  
RIKYU EXECUTED  
TOMORROW!

GOOD. I CAN  
THEN SWITCH  
TO ANOTHER  
DISGUISE

LOOK...  
THE  
SHADOW!

REFLECTION  
FROM MIRROR  
LYING ON  
HONORABLE  
TOJO'S DESK



YOU'RE  
COMING  
WITH ME,  
SHUT!

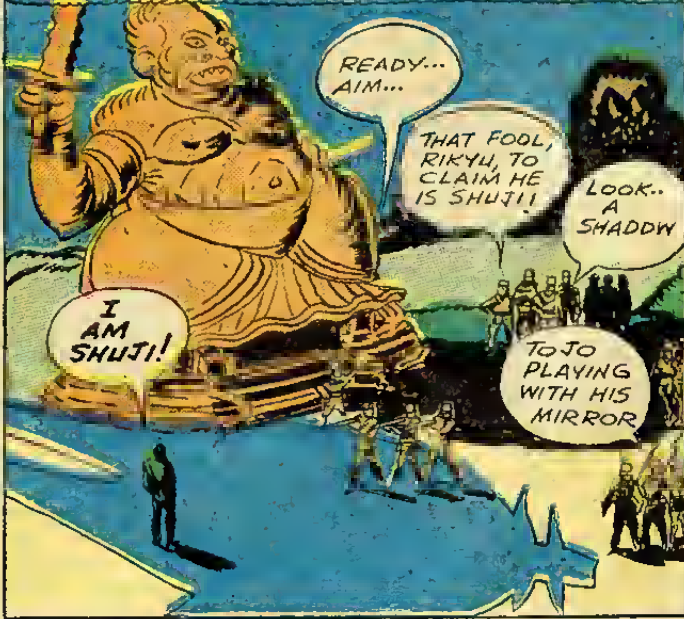
THE REAL  
SHADOW...  
AND HE  
KNOWS!







NEXT DAY, ASSEMBLED BEFORE THE MIGHTY  
STATUE OF THE WAR GOD, JAP MILITARY  
LEADERS WATCH THE EXECUTION OF SHUJI,  
GIVING NO HEED TO THE SHADOW THAT  
APPEARS AMONG THEM...



OVERTHROWN BY THE SHADOW, THE TOP-HEAVY  
WAR-GOD CRUSHES THE SOUR CREAM OF THE  
JAPANESE MILITARIST FACTION, SCORING TRIUMPH  
FOR THE LOYAL KURA !!!

YOU CAN READ MORE  
ABOUT THE SHADOW . . .

Now that you've enjoyed  
this comic, how about fol-  
lowing the adventures of  
THE SHADOW in his story  
magazine?

Get the sinister story of  
CRIME IN THE CRYSTAL,  
a mysterious adventure of  
The Shadow in

THE SHADOW  
MAGAZINE

August

On Sale July 7

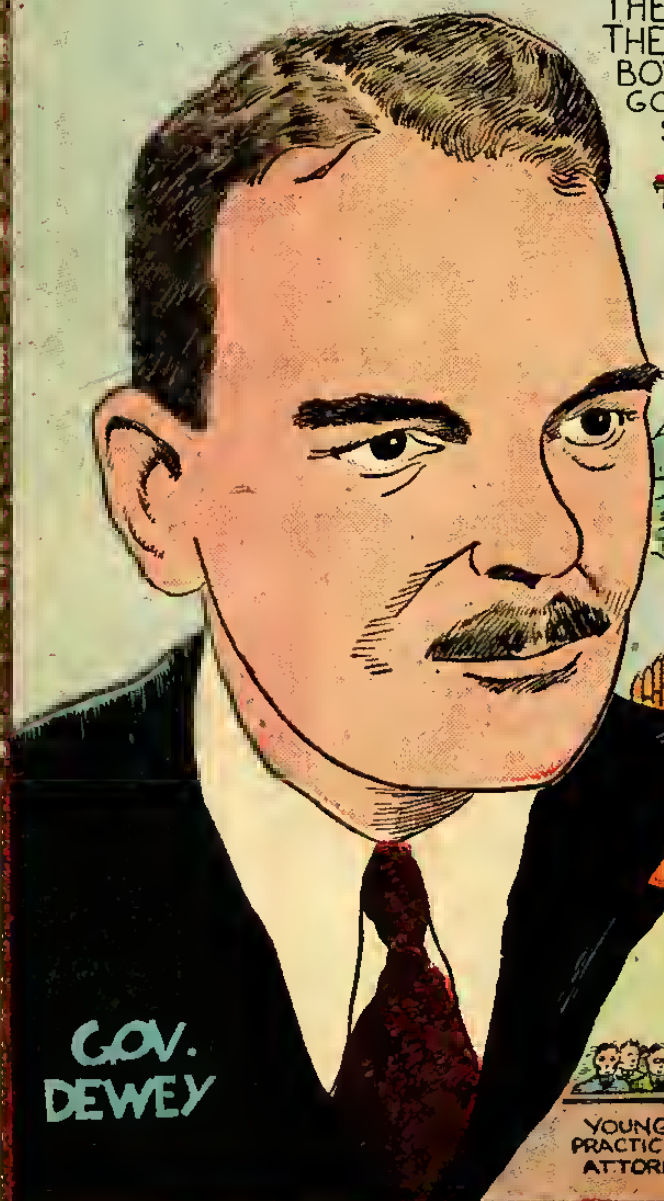


# THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF GOVERNOR THOMAS E. DEWEY

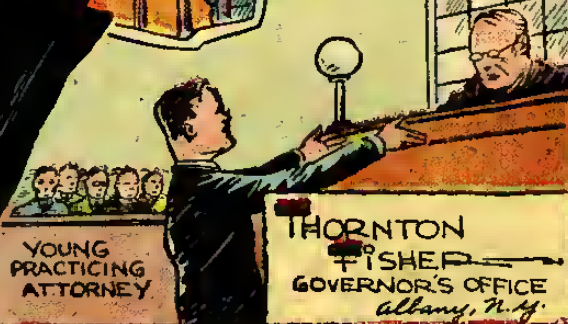
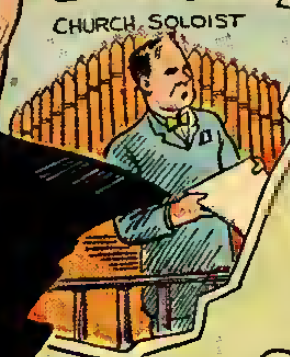
OF NEW YORK STATE

THE DRAMATIC CAREER OF  
THE SMALL-TOWN MICHIGAN  
BOY WHO ROSE TO THE  
GOVERNORSHIP OF THE EMPIRE  
STATE

By  
**THORNTON FISHER**



GOV.  
DEWEY





# GOV. DEWEY'S LETTER TO THE AUTHOR

IS A MESSAGE OF FAITH  
IN THE YOUTH OF AMERICA



FRANCIS & DEMPSEY  
NEW YORK

Mr. Thornton Fisher,  
Apple Hill Farm,  
Pipersville, Bucks County,  
Pennsylvania.

Dear Mr. Fisher:

I am happy to comply with your request  
for a message to your young readers.

In this tremendous, global war the boys  
of America have an unusual opportunity. This  
is literally everybody's war. It is a war in  
which not only brothers and fathers in the fight-  
ing services but the whole family at home have  
been called upon to help the war effort of the  
Nation. It is good to see how American boys have  
responded to the call. They have helped by buying  
War Savings Stamps and Bonds. In addition, they  
have helped to buy ambulances, tanks and bombers  
for their elders on the fighting fronts.

They also have, during these trying years,  
had the opportunity of helping the country and  
also helping themselves by hard work in victory  
gardens. Any boy big enough to lift a hoe or pull  
a weed can help his country. He can make himself  
strong and also gain experience and knowledge which  
will prove of the greatest use to him in the years  
to come when we are no longer engaged in this cruel  
war.

With kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

TED. DW

*Thomas Dewey*

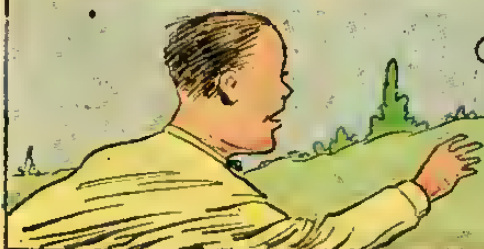
OPPORTUNITY  
DECENCY  
GOOD CITIZENSHIP



GANGSTERS



RACKETEERS





THOMAS EDMUND DEWEY  
WAS BORN AT 7 P.M., MARCH 24,  
1902, AT OWOSSO, MICHIGAN, THE  
SON OF GEORGE MARTIN DEWEY, JR.,  
A FORMER WEST POINTER, AND ANNE  
THOMAS DEWEY

OWOSSO BOASTS A POPULATION OF 15,000 AND  
IS SITUATED HALF WAY BETWEEN THE THRO-  
BING MANUFACTURING CITY OF FLINT AND  
THE QUIET CITY OF LANSING, THE STATE  
CAPITAL

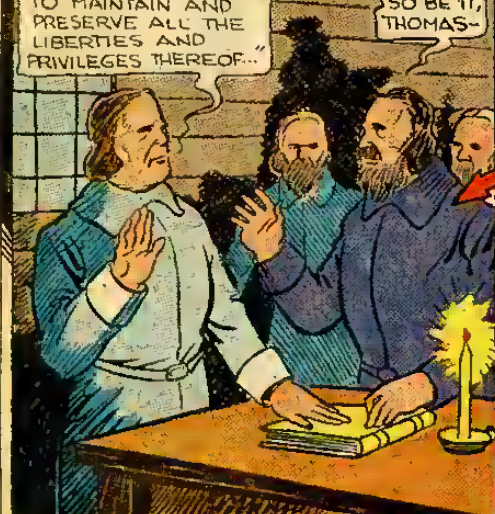
HE WAS BORN IN A LONG, LOW, RED  
BRICK BUILDING OVER A GENERAL STORE  
OPERATED BY HIS MOTHER'S FATHER,

ALFRED THOMAS  
BEYOND STRETCHED GREEN

MEADOWS AND AGE-OLD  
TREES—

"...AND I  
WILL ALSO  
TRULY ENDEAVOR  
TO MAINTAIN AND  
PRESERVE ALL THE  
LIBERTIES AND  
PRIVILEGES THEREOF..."

SO BE IT,  
THOMAS—



ON MAY 14 1634, THOMAS DEWEY  
TOOK THE FREEMAN'S OATH IN  
DORCHESTER, MASS.—MEN OVER HERE  
SHOULD BE FREE FROM TYRANNY—

GENERAL STORE

AU REVOIR,  
MY OLD  
FRIENDS—

BON VOYAGE,  
THOMAS—

TRADITION HAS IT THAT THE FIRST BEWEYS  
IN ENGLAND WERE FRENCH HUGENOTS WHO  
FLEO TO ENGLAND FROM RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION  
IN FRANCESOME GENERATIONS  
BEFORE THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

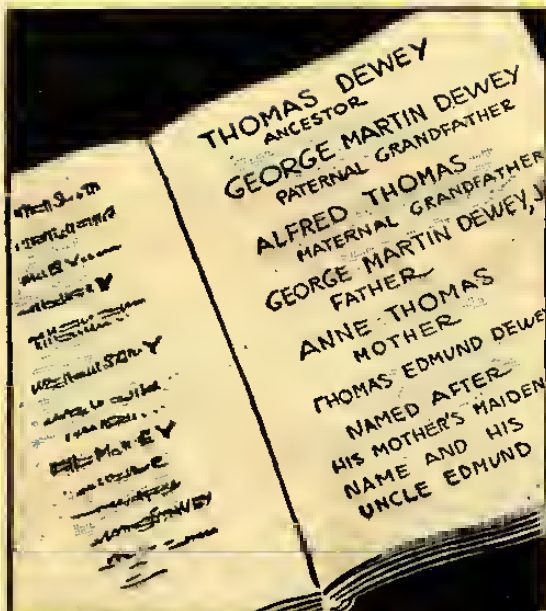
AYE,  
SIR—

YOU MAY  
FIRE WHEN  
READY,  
GRIDLEY!!



LATER, FINDING LITTLE FREEDOM AMONG THE PURITANS, THOMAS DEWEY WENT TO NEW  
HAMPSHIRE WHERE HE ENGAGED IN FARMING — AMONG HIS DESCENDANTS WAS  
ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, THE NAVAL HERO OF MANILA BAY IN 1898





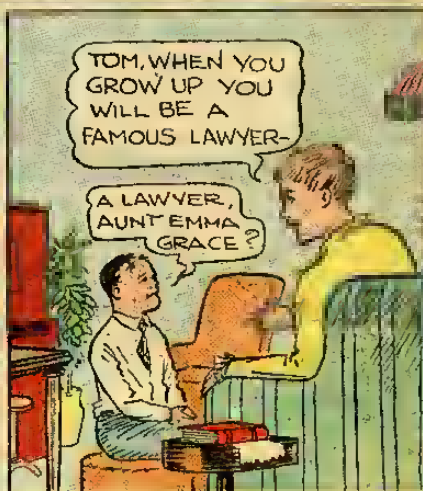
EVEN THOUGH THE FIRST DEWEY IN THIS COUNTRY WAS NAMED THOMAS, THE PRESENT THOMAS WAS NAMED AFTER HIS MOTHER'S FAMILY — HIS MIDDLE NAME, EDMUND, IS AFTER HIS UNCLE, EDMUND OTIS DEWEY —



HIS FATHER, GEO. MARTIN DEWEY JR., SIX FEET TALL AND HANDSOME, WAS BORN AT HASTINGS, MICH. IN 1870 — HE WENT TO WEST POINT AND WAS NEAR THE HEAD OF HIS CLASS IN HIS THIRD YEAR — HE SUFFERED INJURIES IN THE ACADEMY GYMNASIUM, WHICH, THOUGH NOT DISABLING HIM, MADE IT DIFFICULT TO MEET THE RIGID ARMY REQUIREMENTS —



AFTER A YEAR AS A REPORTER ON THE TACOMA LEDGER (WASHINGTON) GEORGE M. DEWEY SETTLED DOWN IN OWOSSO, MICHIGAN, AND WORKED ON HIS FATHER'S NEWSPAPER, 'THE TIMES' — THERE HE AND ANNE THOMAS FELL IN LOVE AND WERE MARRIED —

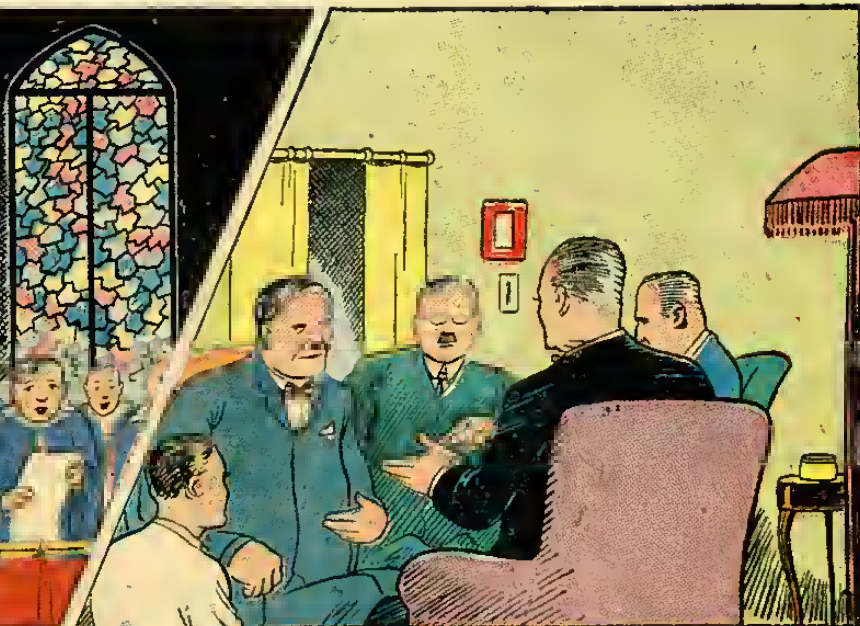


LITTLE TOM DEWEY'S AUNT, EMMA GRACE DEWEY — A BRILLIANT WOMAN NOW 75, INFORMED THE SIX-YEAR OLD BOY THAT HE WAS TO BE A LAWYER WHEN HE GREW UP —





POSSESSING A RICH SOPRANO VOICE, THE LADY TOOK HIS PLACE IN THE CHURCH CHOIR. HE BECAME A BARITONE. LATER \_\_\_\_\_



AS A BOY OF TEN, TOM OEWY WAS SURROUNDED BY REPUBLICANS — LEADING REPUBLICANS VISITED HIS FATHER'S HOME, AMONG THEM CONGRESSMAN FORNEY, CO-AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS FORNEY-Mc CUMBER BILL, AND THE GREAT MICHIGAN GOVERNOR, CHASE OSBORN — LATE INTO THE NIGHT HE LISTENED TO THE DISCUSSIONS OF THESE WISE MEN \_\_\_\_\_

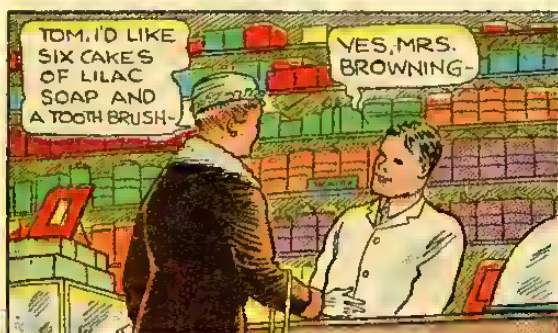


HE HAD WANTED TO SELL NEWSPAPERS, AND WHEN HE WAS ELEVEN HIS MOTHER PERMITTED HIM TO SELL THE CURTIS WEEKLY AND MONTHLY PUBLICATIONS — LATER HE OBTAINED THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE DETROIT DAILY NEWS \_\_\_\_\_



AT THIRTEEN HE HAD NINE OR MORE BOYS WORKING FOR HIM — MEETING THE 4:15 AFTERNOON TRAIN. HE DISTRIBUTED THE PAPERS TO HIS EMPLOYEES AND SOON THEY WERE HUSTLING ALONG THEIR ROUTES \_\_\_\_\_





TOM, I'D LIKE SIX CAKES OF LILAC SOAP AND A TOOTH BRUSH-

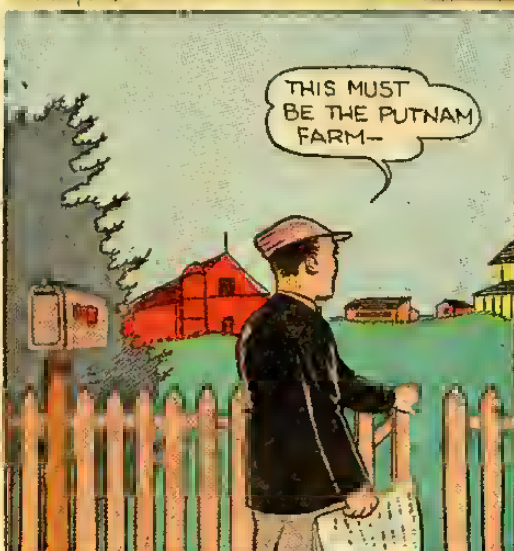
YES, MRS. BROWNING-

AT SIXTEEN TOM WORKED FOR A LONG TIME IN A DRUGSTORE. IT WAS JUST TOO BAD THERE WAS NO SODA FOUNTAIN——



THIS HAS BEEN A FINE 'NEWS WEEK', TOM-

HE WORKED SATURDAYS DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS FOR SEVERAL YEARS AS A PRINTER'S DEVIL IN HIS FATHER'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE— THERE SET TYPE AND SET PRESS FOR HIS FATHER'S WEEKLY PAPER——



THIS MUST BE THE PUTNAM FARM-

TOO YOUNG IN 1918 TO BE ACCEPTED BY THE ARMY, THE YOUNGSTER SOUGHT ACTIVITY ON THE HOME FRONT— ANSWERING A FARM ADVERTISEMENT IN PERSON, GOT THE JOB——



SU-U-PIG-  
SU-U-PIG-

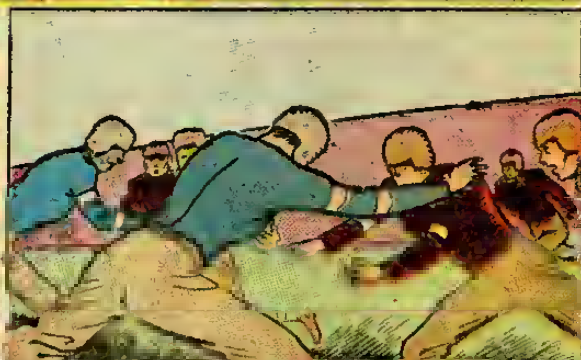
THE GOVERNOR SAYS HE WAS UP AT 5 A.M. AND WORKED UNTIL 7 OR 7:30 P.M.—— OBVIOUSLY HIS FONDNESS FOR FARMING BEGAN AT THAT TIME——



WHOVE WE GOT DOWN WHO'S MOST APT TO SUCCEED IN LIFE, TOM?

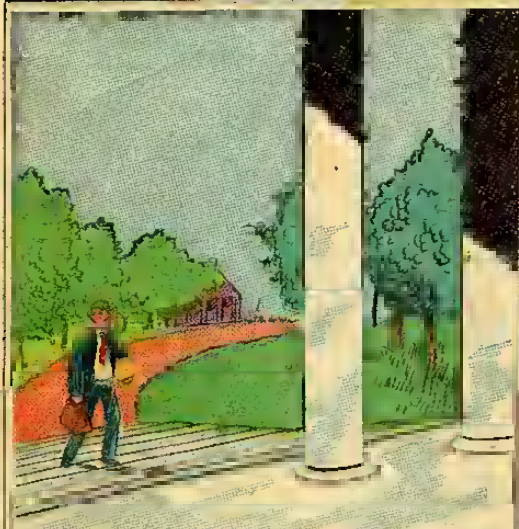
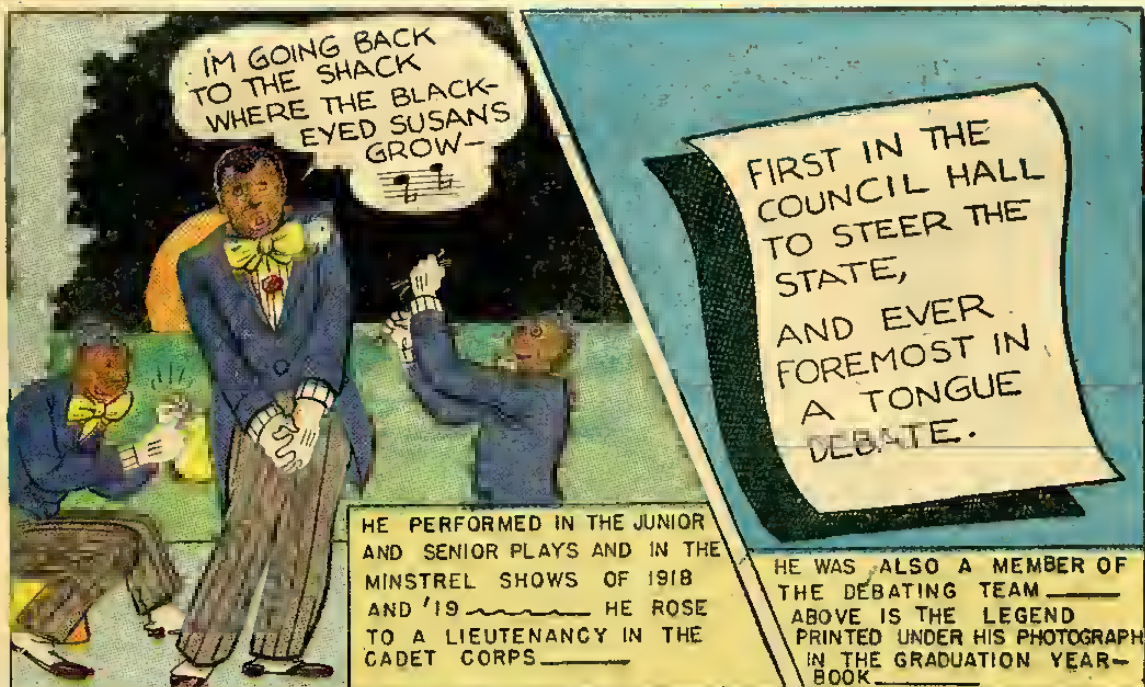
LET'S VOTE JACK THE HANDSOMEST STUDENT, TOM-

RETURNING FOR HIS LAST YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL, HE EDITED SPIC, THE SCHOOL YEAR-BOOK——

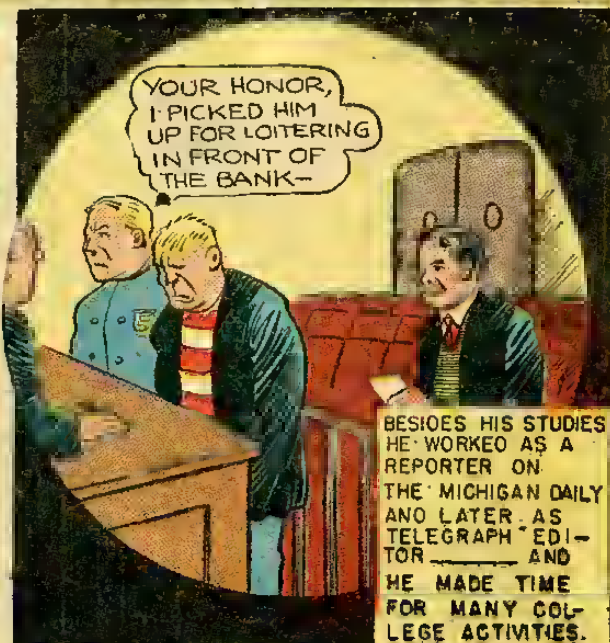


THAT FALL, TOO, HE PLAYED ON THE HIGH-SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM——





HE HAD SAVED \$800 FROM HIS VARIOUS TASKS AND STUBBORNLY INSISTED ON MEETING ALL HIS EXPENSES WHEN HE ENTERED THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN IN 1919 AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.







WITH ALL HIS ACTIVITY IN COLLEGE THERE WAS NO INDICATION OF INTEREST IN LAW—HOWEVER, HIS SENIOR YEAR WAS DEVOTED TO LEGAL STUDY—SINGING SEEMED TO BE HIS STRONG FORTE AND HE CONTINUED TO STUDY VOICE WITH WILLIAM WHEELER, HEAD OF THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT—



HE PLAYED THE STAR PART IN THE ANNUAL COLLEGE OPERA AND THEN WON FIRST PRIZE IN THE MICHIGAN STATE SINGING CONTEST—THIS TOOK HIM TO NORTH CAROLINA AS MICHIGAN REPRESENTATIVE IN A NATIONAL SINGING CONTEST—HE WON THIRD PRIZE THERE AND RETURNED TO ANN ARBOR JUST IN TIME FOR COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES WHERE HE WAS SOLOIST AND RECEIVED HIS DIPLOMA AS BACHELOR OF ARTS—

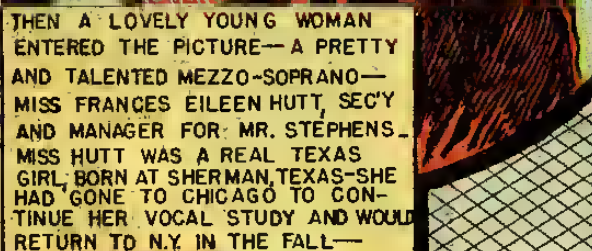


MR. AND MRS. DEWEY APPROVING THE YOUNG MAN WENT TO CHICAGO WHERE HE WON A SCHOLARSHIP AND THUS FREE TUITION IN THE SUMMER CLASSES CONDUCTED AT THE CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE BY THE NEW YORK VOICE TEACHER, PERCY RECTOR STEPHENS—

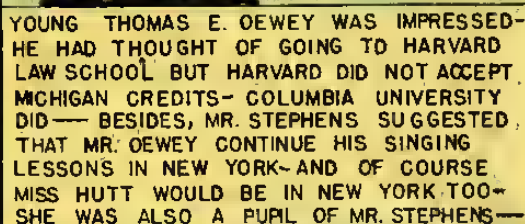


BUT MARK THIS: WHILE HE WAS TAKING VOCAL INSTRUCTION HIS MOTHER'S COUSIN, LEONARD REID, GAVE HIM A JOB READING LAW AND DOING LEGAL CHORES IN THE OFFICE OF LITSINGER, HEALY AND RICH—

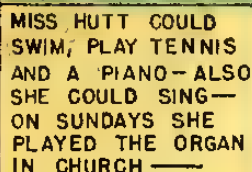




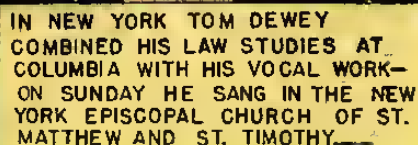
THEN A LOVELY YOUNG WOMAN ENTERED THE PICTURE—A PRETTY AND TALENTED MEZZO-SOPRANO—MISS FRANCES EILEEN HUTT, SEC'Y AND MANAGER FOR MR. STEPHENS. MISS HUTT WAS A REAL TEXAS GIRL, BORN AT SHERMAN, TEXAS—SHE HAD GONE TO CHICAGO TO CONTINUE HER VOCAL STUDY AND WOULD RETURN TO N.Y. IN THE FALL—



YOUNG THOMAS E. DEWEY WAS IMPRESSED—HE HAD THOUGHT OF GOING TO HARVARD LAW SCHOOL BUT HARVARD DID NOT ACCEPT MICHIGAN CREDITS—COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY DID—BESIDES, MR. STEPHENS SUGGESTED THAT MR. DEWEY CONTINUE HIS SINGING LESSONS IN NEW YORK—AND OF COURSE MISS HUTT WOULD BE IN NEW YORK TOO—SHE WAS ALSO A PUPIL OF MR. STEPHENS—



MISS HUTT COULD SWIM, PLAY TENNIS AND A PIANO—ALSO SHE COULD SING—ON SUNDAYS SHE PLAYED THE ORGAN IN CHURCH—



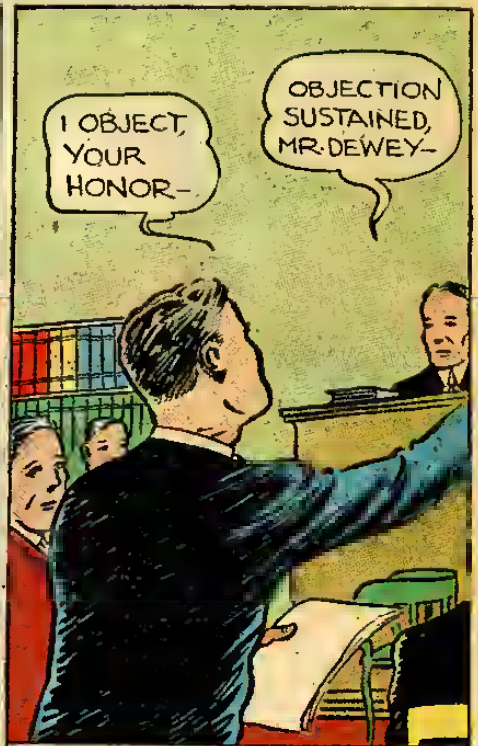
IN NEW YORK TOM DEWEY COMBINED HIS LAW STUDIES AT COLUMBIA WITH HIS VOCAL WORK—ON SUNDAY HE SANG IN THE NEW YORK EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF ST. MATTHEW AND ST. TIMOTHY—





YOU'RE WOIKIN' IN OUR TERRITORY, YOU RAT!!!

ABOUT THE TIME YOUNG MR. DEWEY, LAW STUDENT AND SINGER, HIT NEW YORK GANGSTERISM UNDER THE PROHIBITION AMENDMENT WAS RAMPANT—THE SOUND OF MACHINE-GUNS IN THE CITY MEANT GANGSTER WARFARE—TRUCKS CARRYING ILLEGAL LIQUOR SPEED THROUGH DARK STREETS—CORRUPT OFFICIALS WERE "GETTING THEIRS".



I OBJECT, YOUR HONOR—

OBJECTION SUSTAINED, MR. DEWEY—

IN THE MEANTIME THOMAS DEWEY WAS STUDYING LAW—SOON AFTER ENTERING LAW SCHOOL HE WAS INVITED TO JOIN THE OUTSTANDING AMERICAN LEGAL FRATERNITY PHI DELTA PHI AND, WITH A FEW FRIENDS, ORGANIZED A MOOT COURT FOR ADDITIONAL PRACTICE—

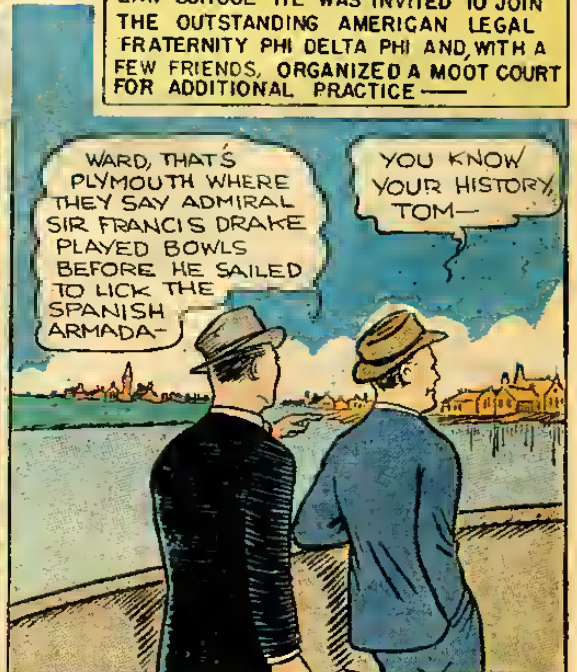


AN UNKNOWN YOUNG MAN'S LAW DEGREE.

BACHELOR OF LAWS

WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT'S AGAINST THE LAW? WE MAKE THE LAWS AROUND HERE—COME ACROSS, BUD—OR TAKE A RIDE!!

TOM DEWEY WAS GRADUATED AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL IN 1925 WITH THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LAWS—THE EVENT WAS NOT CONSPICUOUS SO THE CRIMINAL HORDES WERE NOT AWARE OF IT—



WARD, THAT'S PLYMOUTH WHERE THEY SAY ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS DRAKE PLAYED BOWLS BEFORE HE SAILED TO LICK THE SPANISH ARMADA—

YOU KNOW YOUR HISTORY, TOM—

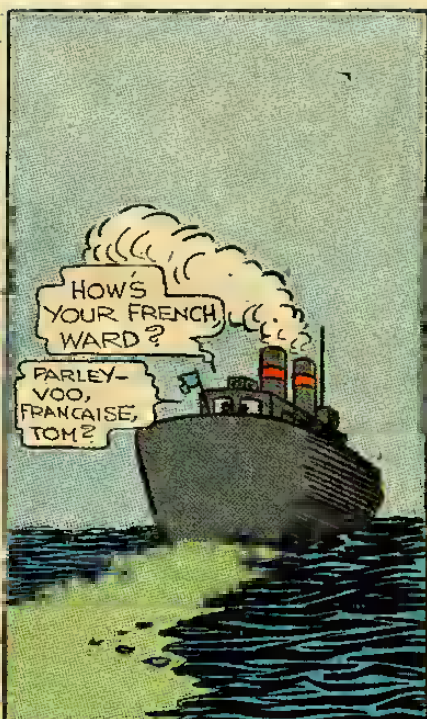
BEFORE LOOKING FOR A JOB WITH A LAW FIRM THE YOUNG MAN RESOLVED TO SEE EUROPE FIRST—HE HAD SAVED A LITTLE AND HIS PARENTS HELPED HIM—WITH A MICHIGAN FRIEND WARO JENKS, HE LANDED AT PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND—





DURING THIS TRIP TOM BEGAN RAISING HIS MUSTACHE—

WELL, TOM, WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM OWOSSO, MICHIGAN, RIGHT NOW—



HOW'S YOUR FRENCH, WARD?

PARLEY-VOO, FRANCAISE, TOM?

IN PLYMOUTH TOM AND WARD BOUGHT AN OLD FORD CAR AND WERE JOINED BY A YOUNG CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MAN WHO WAS WORKING AT PLYMOUTH—THE THREE MADE A "GRAND TOUR" OF RURAL ENGLAND.

REACHING LONDON, THEY "SIGHT-SAW" THE BRITISH CITY, SOLD THE CAR AND THE TWO OF THEM CROSSED TO FRANCE WHERE THEY PURCHASED BICYCLES—



BON JOUR, HENRI—



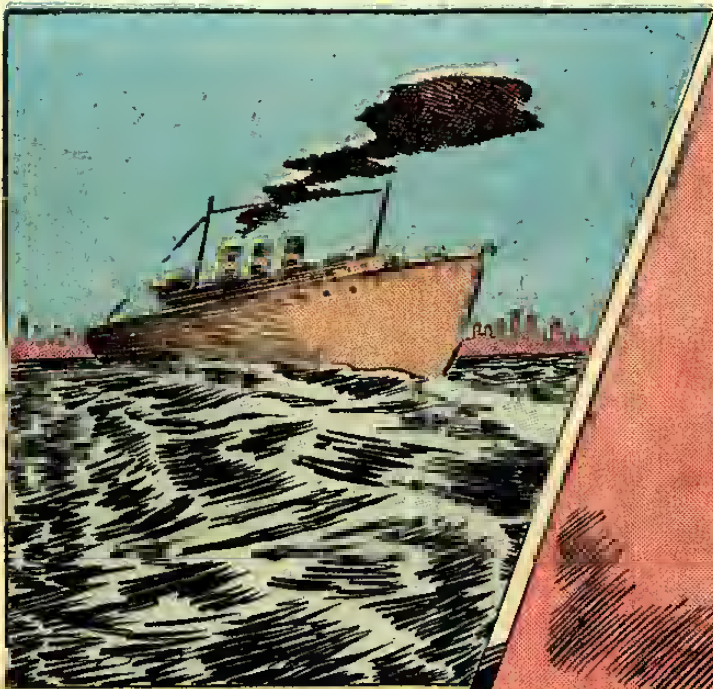
HOW'S THE OLD BANKROLL HOLDING OUT, TOM?

THERE'S STILL A LITTLE CONSCIOUSNESS LEFT IN IT—

A BICYCLE ALWAYS PROVIDED EXCELLENT TRANSPORTATION—IT TOOK THE VISITOR THROUGH SECTIONS OF A FOREIGN LAND NOT REACHED BY RAILROADS OR AUTOMOBILES IN THOSE DAYS—SO THEY PEDALLED THROUGH FRANCE—

WHILE OBSERVING THE PICTURESQUE SIGHTS AND PEOPLE THEY ALSO KEPT AN OBSERVANT EYE ON THEIR FUNDS FOR THIS WASN'T A GILDED TRIP—THEY COULDN'T CHOOSE THE MOST LUXURIOUS HOTEL—INSTEAD THEY MET THE SIMPLE PEOPLE OF FRANCE—

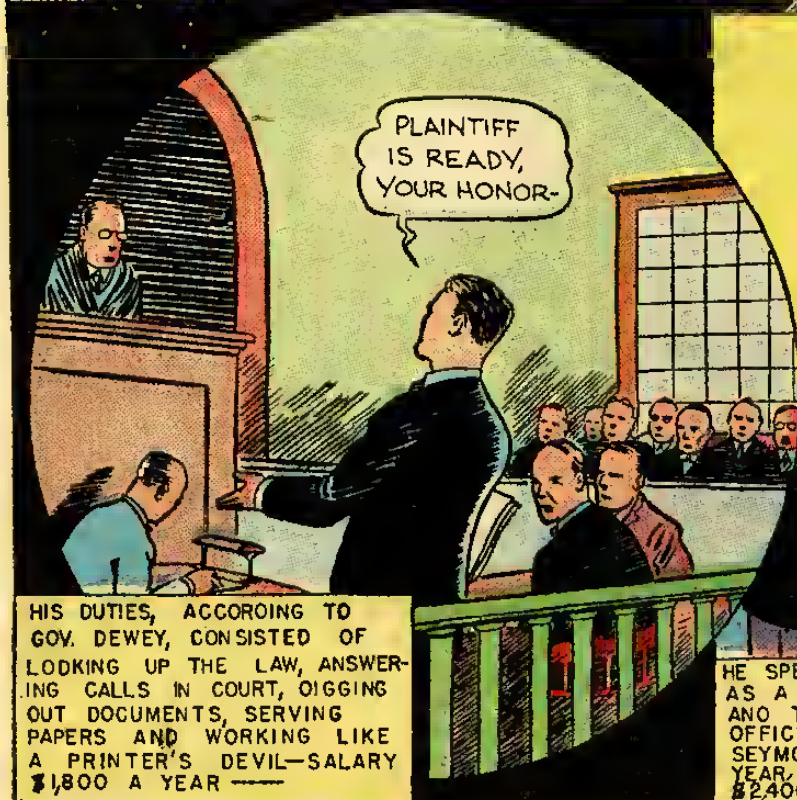




DESPITE THEIR ECONOMIES, THE FUNDS WERE GROWING WEAKER—HOWEVER, THEY HAD THEIR RETURN STEAMSHIP PASSAGE WHICH ENABLED THEM TO REACH NEW YORK —



AFTER SPENDING A FEW WEEKS AT HOME IN OWOSSO, TOM DEWEY RETURNED TO NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1925—THERE HE GOT A JOB WITH THE LARGE LAW FIRM OF LARKIN, RATHBONE AND PERRY—THERE WERE 12 PARTNERS AND 28 ASSOCIATES—



HIS DUTIES, ACCORDING TO GOV. DEWEY, CONSISTED OF LOOKING UP THE LAW, ANSWERING CALLS IN COURT, DIGGING OUT DOCUMENTS, SERVING PAPERS AND WORKING LIKE A PRINTER'S DEVIL—SALARY \$1,800 A YEAR —



HE SPENT A YEAR AND TWO MONTHS AS A NOVIATE WITH THE FIRM AND THEN ENTERED THE LAW OFFICES OF MACNAMARA AND SEYMOUR—STARTING AT \$2,000 A YEAR—HIS WAGES WERE RAISED TO \$2,400 A YEAR FOUR MONTHS LATER—





SOON HIS SALARY WAS \$3,000 A YEAR AND A BRIGHT FUTURE SEEMINGLY ASSURED, TOM DEWEY AND MISS HUTT WERE MARRIED IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH ON JUNE 16, 1928.



AT THE COMPARATIVELY YOUTHFUL AGE OF TWENTY-SIX, TOM DEWEY WAS HANDLING MOST OF THE FIRM'S LITIGATION CASES. HE WAS NO LONGER A MERE APPRENTICE— IN 1929, HIS SALARY WAS \$3600. IN 1930, HE WAS ADVANCED TO \$4200 WITH A SHARE IN THE BUSINESS.



THOUGH ONLY FIVE YEARS OUT OF LAW SCHOOL MR. DEWEY WAS EARNING \$8,000 A YEAR, REMARKABLE PROFESSIONAL PROGRESS FOR A TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR OLD FELLOW— HE WAS STILL UNKNOWN, HOWEVER, TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC—

### Dear Readers:

In the July issue of **SUPER-MAGICIAN COMICS** we had an article and personal letter from Wendell Willkie of which we were very proud for it was the first such letter ever published in a "comic" magazine.

The story of Governor Thomas E. Dewey which we offer in this issue is another editorial treat for our readers. This story will be continued in the next issue of the **SHADOW COMICS**.

We want to hear from you as to whether or not you want us to continue devoting a few pages in each issue to the stories of today's successful men.

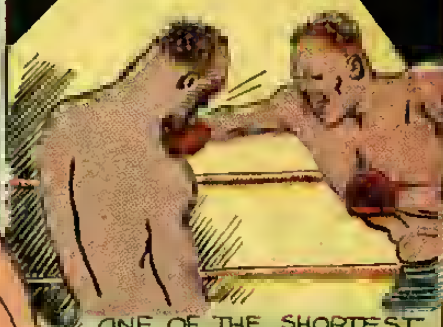
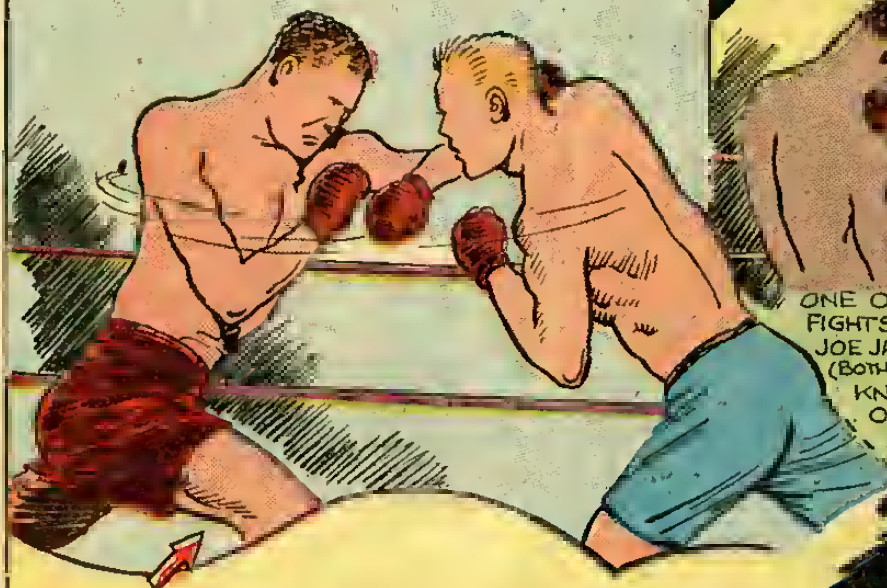
*Sincerely yours,*

**THE EDITOR**



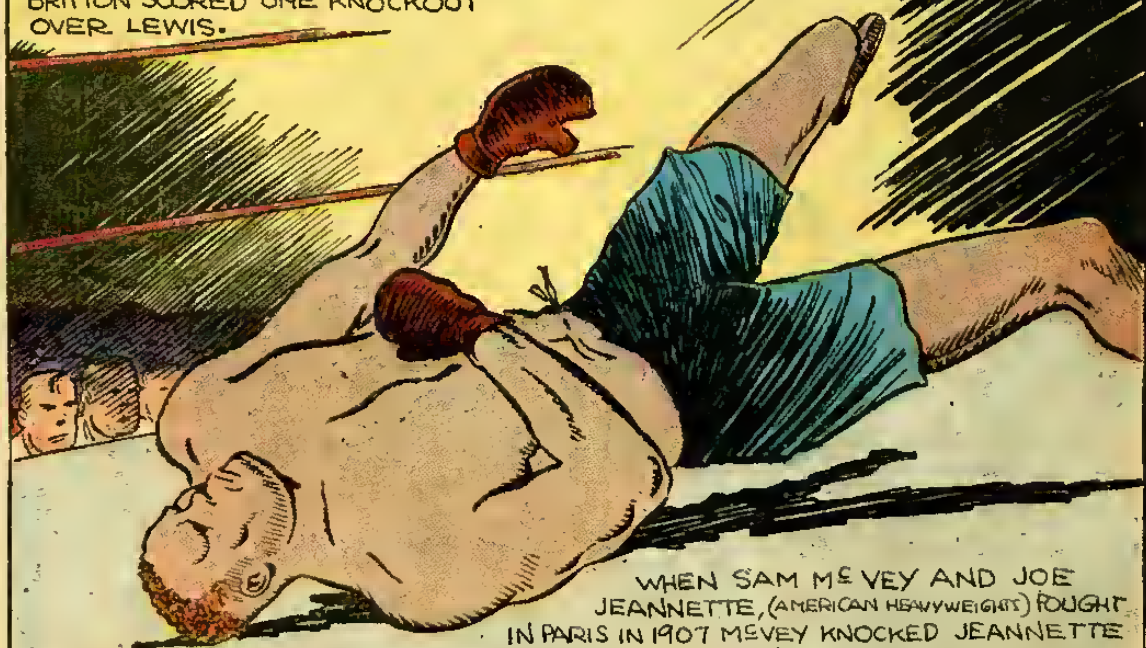
# UNUSUAL RING NOTES -

BY THORNTON FISHER



ONE OF THE SHORTEST  
FIGHTS WAS BETWEEN  
JOE JAKES AND AL FOREMAN  
(BOTH COLORED) - JAKES  
KNOCKED FOREMAN  
OUT IN 11 SECONDS -  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.  
JAN. 13, 1942

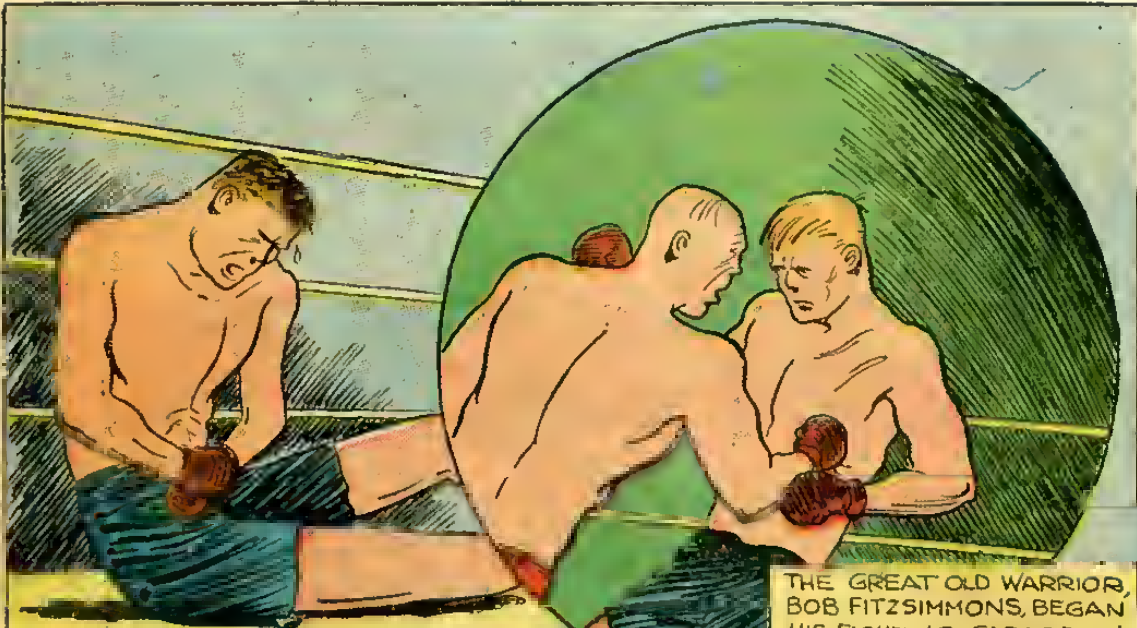
JACK BRITTON AND  
TED (KID) LEWIS FOUGHT  
EACH OTHER SIXTEEN TIMES IN  
FOUR YEARS - EIGHT OF THE CONTESTS  
WERE NO-DECISIONS, ONE A  
DRAW - BRITTON WON THREE DECISIONS,  
LEWIS WON THREE DECISIONS AND  
BRITTON SCORED ONE KNOCKOUT  
OVER LEWIS.



WHEN SAM McVEY AND JOE  
JEANNETTE, (AMERICAN HEAVYWEIGHTS) FOUGHT  
IN PARIS IN 1907 McVEY KNOCKED JEANNETTE  
DOWN TWENTY-SEVEN TIMES - JEANNETTE  
WON IN THE 49<sup>TH</sup> ROUND - McVEY QUIT -  
(NEVER GIVE UP)

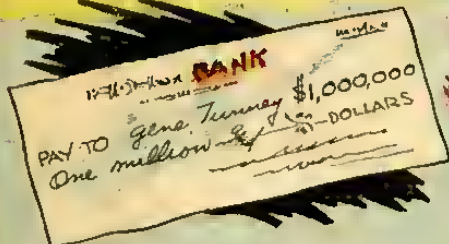
THORNTON FISHER



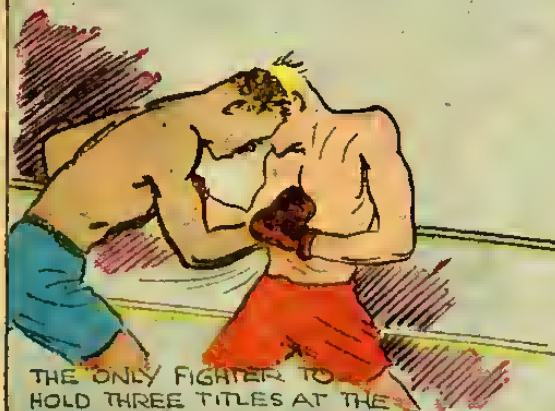


MAX SCHMELING WAS THE ONLY HEAVYWEIGHT TO WIN THE HEAVY TITLE SITTING DOWN—HE GOT IT ON A CLAIM OF FOUL AGAINST JACK SHARKEY IN 1930—

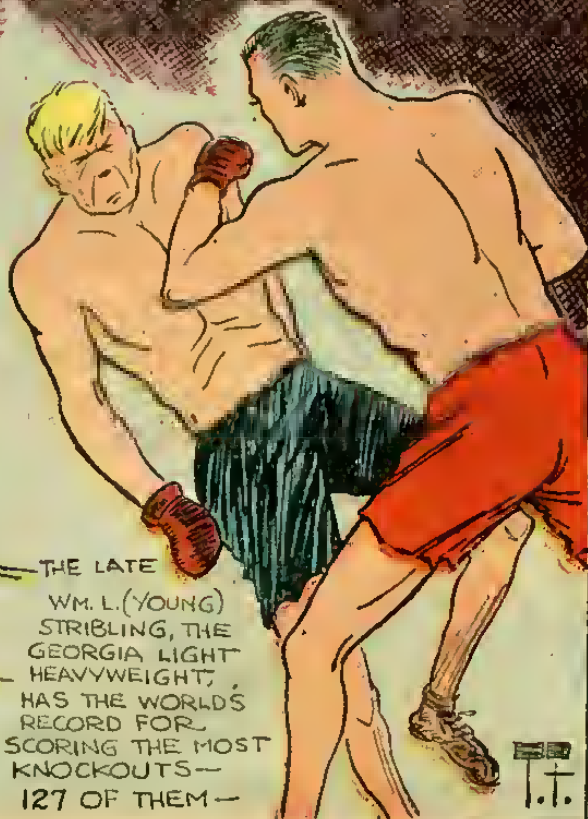
THE GREAT OLD WARRIOR, BOB FITZSIMMONS, BEGAN HIS FIGHTING CAREER IN 1889—HE FOUGHT HIS LAST FIGHT, A NO-DECISION (6 RDS) IN 1914 AGAINST K.O. SWEENEY WHEN HE (FITZ) WAS 52 YEARS OLD.



IT IS SAID THAT WHEN GENE TUNNEY RECEIVED \$990,000 FOR HIS CHICAGO FIGHT WITH DEMPSEY (SEPT. 1927) HE GAVE THE PROMOTER \$10,000 SO THAT HE MIGHT GET A CHECK FOR \$1,000,000—

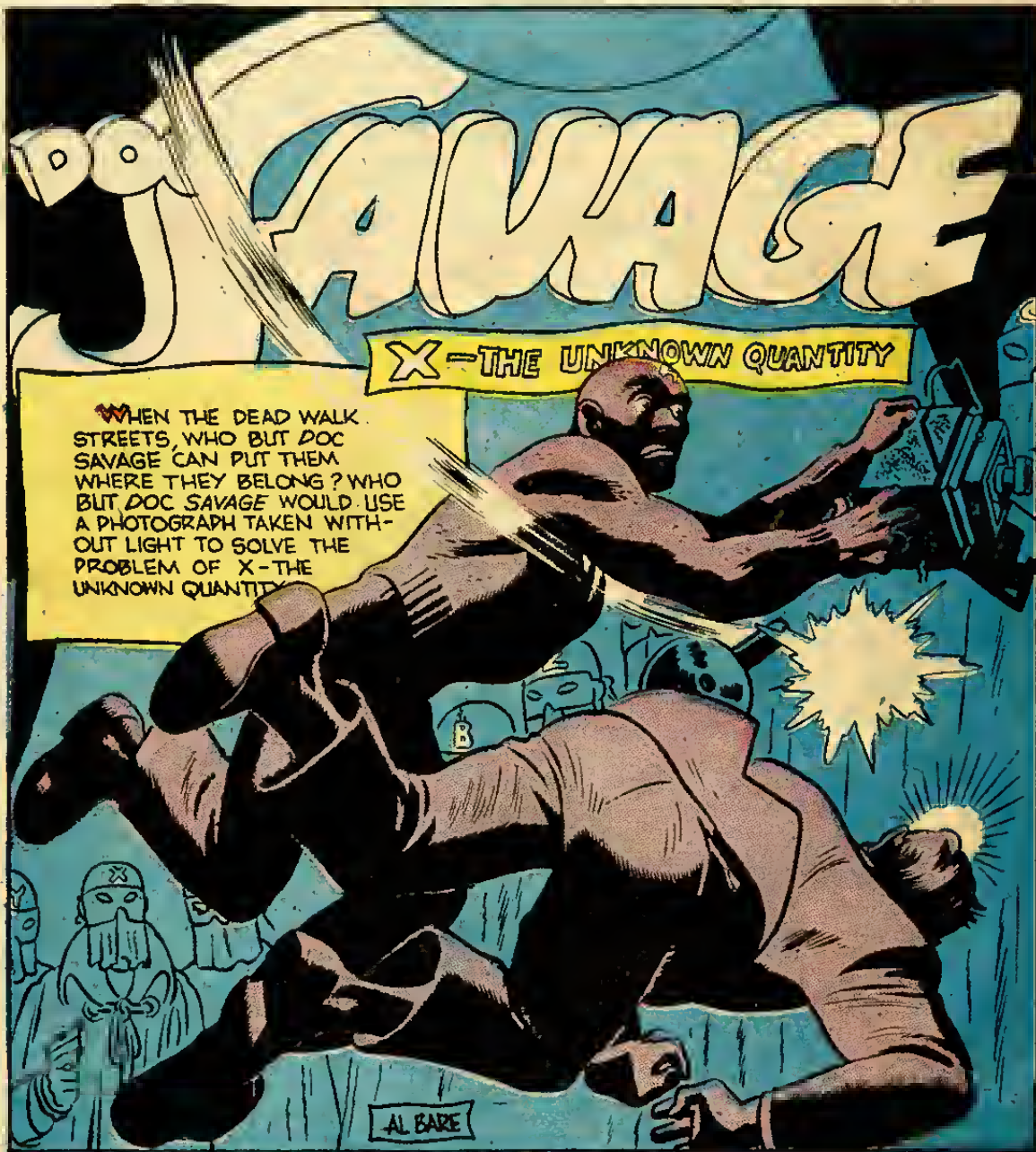


THE ONLY FIGHTER TO HOLD THREE TITLES AT THE SAME TIME WAS HENRY ARMSTRONG—FEATHERWEIGHT, LIGHTWEIGHT AND WELTERWEIGHT—



THE LATE WM. L. (YOUNG) STRIBLING, THE GEORGIA LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT, HAS THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR SCORING THE MOST KNOCKOUTS—127 OF THEM—









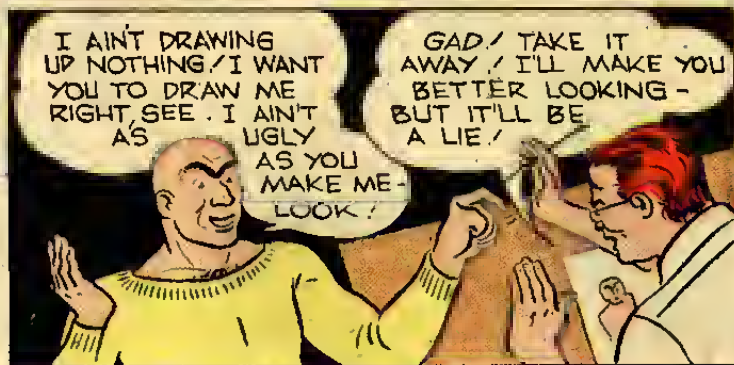
SMART CRACKS ALL THE TIME, SMART CRACKS! I'LL SHOW THAT ARTIST!

IF YOU'RE REALLY GOING TAKE THIS INFRA-RED CAMERA SET ALONG. LET THE ARTIST LOOK AT IT. HE MAY HAVE TO DRAW IT ONE OF THESE DAYS.



HEY YOU!

WHY, HELLO, MONK DRAW UP A CHAIR!



I AIN'T DRAWING UP NOTHING. I WANT YOU TO DRAW ME RIGHT, SEE. I AIN'T AS

UGLY AS YOU MAKE ME-LOOK!

GAD! TAKE IT AWAY! I'LL MAKE YOU BETTER LOOKING - BUT IT'LL BE A LIE!



NOT TOO GOOD LOOKING. I AIN'T NO COLLAR AD, BUT I GOT A CERTAIN RUGGED CHARM! OH-DOC WANTED ME TO SHOW THIS INFRA-RED CAMERA.

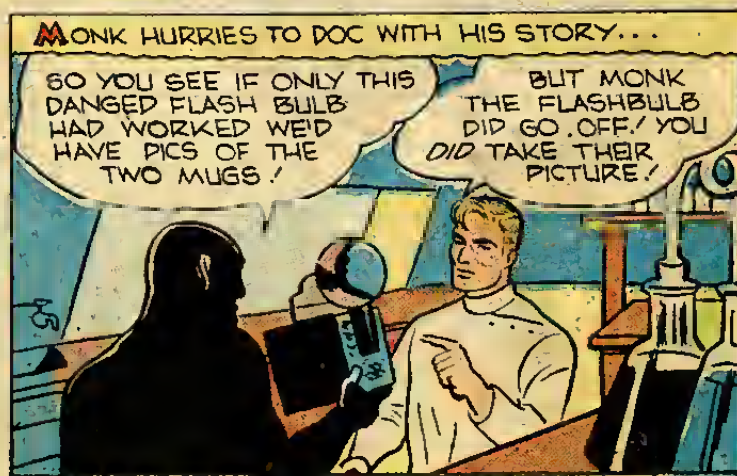


THAT'S QUITE INGENIOUS. I THINK THE EDITOR OF "P/C" OUR PICTURE MAGAZINE MIGHT WANT TO RUN A PHOTO OF THIS. COME ON TO HIS OFFICE.

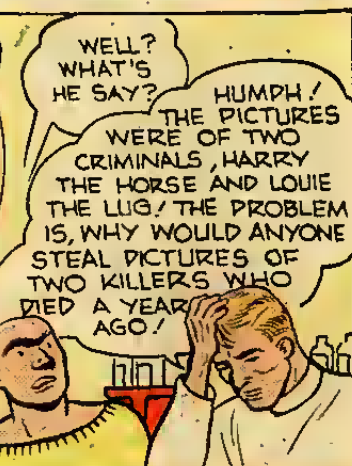
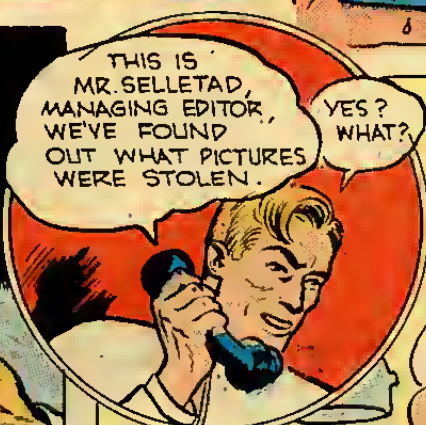
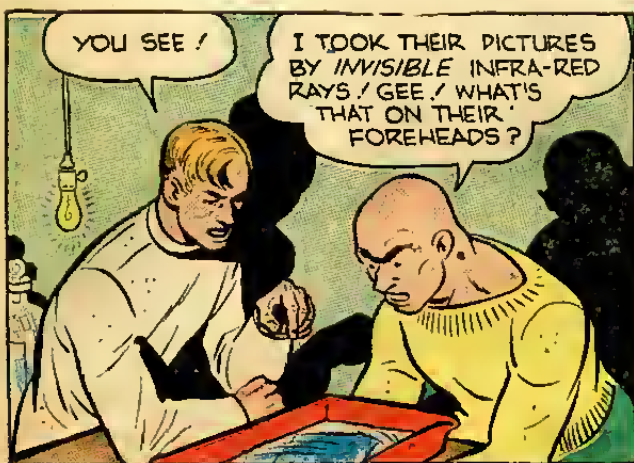


WHAT THE -- WHAT'S HAPPENED?









NOT FAR AWAY-A STRANGE ROOM WITH STRANGER OCCUPANTS--

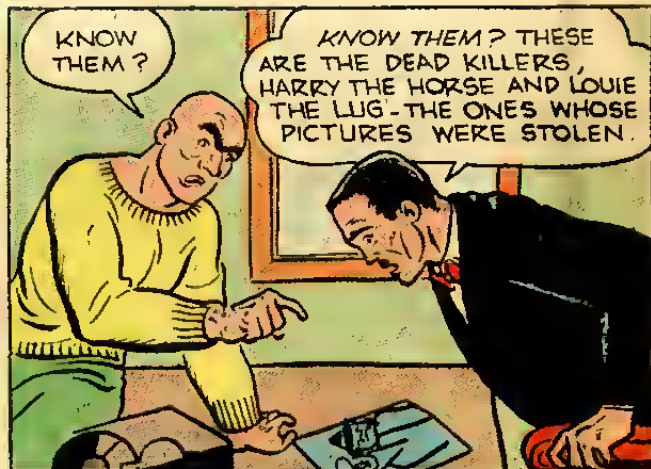
YOU FOOLS / THE BULB WAS BLACK, YOU SAID / IT WENT OFF ALL RIGHT / AND IT TOOK YOUR

PICTURES / A AND C, GET THAT PHOTOGRAPHER!

AND RIGHT AFTER WE TORE UP THE LAST PICTURES OF US IN EXISTENCE









LIKE A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER-

HE WENT  
IN THERE!



INSIDE THE  
GLOOMY  
TENEMENT --

GOOD. LOOK AT THE  
CAMERA. JUST AS I THOUGHT.  
IT'S SET FOR INFRA-RED.  
WE'LL DECIDE WHAT TO  
DO WITH THIS CREATURE  
WHEN THE ALPHABET  
MEETS.

THE GLOOMY ROOM  
GRADUALLY FILLS -

GENTLEMEN, FOR THE  
FIRST TIME OUR ORGAN-  
IZATION IS IN PERIL! EVER  
SINCE I BEGAN TO STAGE THE  
"DEATHS" FOR YOU WANTED MEN  
WHO WERE TOO HOT--

-- AND LET YOU COOL OFF BY MAKING  
THE COPS THINK YOU WERE DEAD --  
WE'VE MADE MONEY. LYING ON THE FLOOR  
THERE IS A MENACE TO THE ALPHABET  
WHAT IS YOUR VOTE?

DEATH!

DEATH!

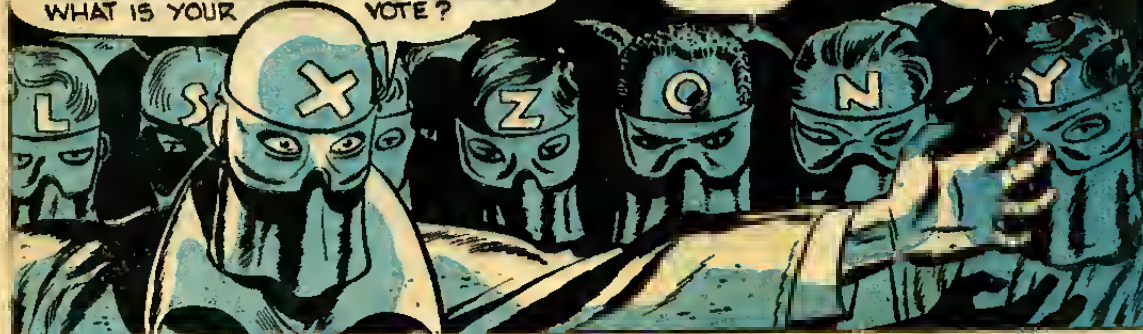
DEATH!

DEATH!

DEATH!

DEATH!

DEATH!











TAKE OFF YOUR MASK, DOC!  
DID THEY HURT YOU? HEY!  
YOU'RE NOT DOC, AND YOU'RE  
NOT HAM!



NO! WE DIDN'T DARE GO IN AS  
REAL MEMBERS. I WAS AFRAID  
THERE MIGHT BE A PASSWORD  
OR SOMETHING ELSE THAT WAS  
NEEDED BESIDES THE CHEMICAL  
LETTERS ON OUR FOREHEADS.

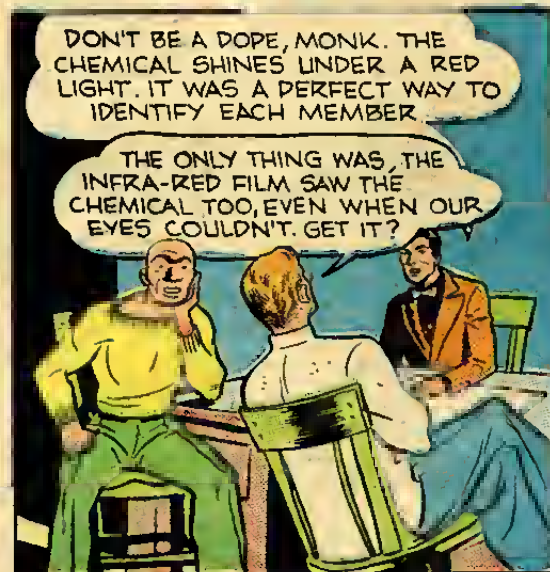
OUR GAG WORKED  
BETTER THAN IF WE  
HAD GONE IN FIRST!  
THEY THOUGHT THE  
REAL GUYS WERE PHONIES



DOC TIES UP THE LOOSE ENDS AT  
HIS LABORATORY---

I UNDERSTAND "X'S"  
PLOT ABOUT THE  
"DEAD" CROOKS WHO  
NEVER DIED, BUT  
WHAT ABOUT THE  
LETTERS?

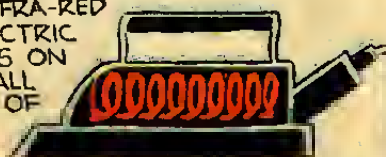
THAT WAS  
QUITE CLEVER.  
IT WAS A BIG  
GANG "X" DIDN'T  
WANT ANY ONE OF  
THEM TO KNOW TOO  
MUCH ABOUT EACH OTHER  
THE LETTERS WERE PAINTED  
IN HYDRO-QUINONE  
WHICH I BOUGHT  
IN THE DRUG STORE.



DON'T BE A DOPE, MONK. THE  
CHEMICAL SHINES UNDER A RED  
LIGHT. IT WAS A PERFECT WAY TO  
IDENTIFY EACH MEMBER.

THE ONLY THING WAS, THE  
INFRA-RED FILM SAW THE  
CHEMICAL TOO, EVEN WHEN OUR  
EYES COULDN'T GET IT?

YOU DON'T NEED AN EXPENSIVE CAMERA TO TAKE  
PICTURES IN THE DARK. INFRA-RED FILM IS  
MADE TO FIT ALMOST ANY CAMERA.  
LOAD YOUR CAMERA WITH INFRA-RED  
FILM. NEXT, TURN ON AN ELECTRIC  
IRON. LET IT GET HOT. FOCUS ON  
THE IRON. NOW TURN OFF ALL  
THE LIGHTS. OPEN SHUTTER OF  
CAMERA AND TAKE A LONG  
TIME EXPOSURE OF ABOUT  
HALF AN HOUR.  
WHEN YOU HAVE THIS PICTURE DEVELOPED YOU WILL  
SEE SOMETHING LIKE THIS !!!



### THE MOST EXCITING DOC SAVAGE STORY

is to be found in **THE  
SHAPE OF TERROR**,  
a blood-curdling yarn  
about a Nazi concentra-  
tion camp in

**DOC SAVAGE  
MAGAZINE**

August On Sale June 23



# Chick Carter's



## INNER CIRCLE

### "THAT DAY THAT NEVER WAS"

"I promised," said Chick as the members of the Inner Circle settled down and gave him their undivided attention, "to tell you about forgery at this meeting."

Beef, of course, had to butt in. He said: "Don't forget, you said you'd tell us about a forgery case you solved! You said it was about a duel! A duel in which two men were killed, but the duel never took place—or something like that!"

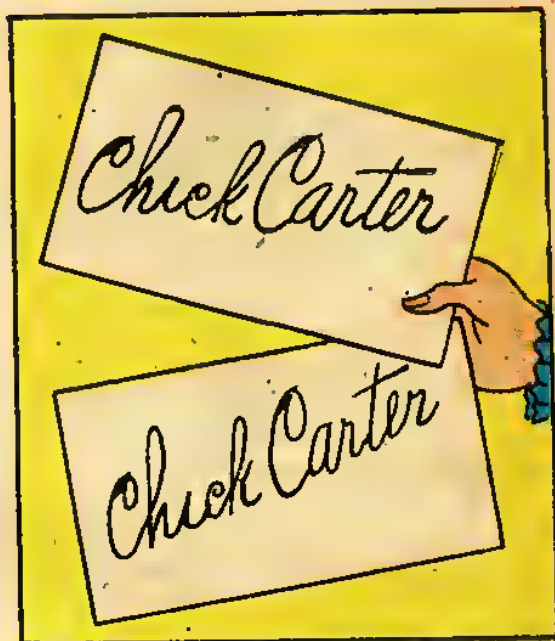
Chick nodded and said, "Yes, I won't forget. First, however, here are two signatures. A is the original, B is the fake, can any of you tell me how you know B is a fake?"

Sue took the pieces of paper from Chick. She held them up to the light, one on top of the other then said in a puzzled tone: "Chick, are you *sure* one of these is a forgery? They are exactly, precisely alike! I can't tell one from the other!"

Chick smiled like a Cheshire cat. "As Nick Carter would say, 'In the similarity lies the difference!'" He paused, then, "Don't you see—no *real* signature is ever exactly alike! Compare some of your own and you'll see that there are *always* minute differences! This forgery was traced. One paper was laid on top of the signature and the forger traced Nick's name."

Sue nodded, "I see, now. Well, how do forgers imitate a signature so it isn't too alike?"

"The best or should I say worst," Chick smiled, "way to forge is to just sit down and copy the person's signature over and over and over again. That's the way the 'good' forger operates. It takes real skill, however, so less skilled but just as dishonest people use this."



"This" was a small sheet of glass. Chick wrote his name on a slip of paper next to his signature at right angles to the paper.

"If there's a strong light," Chick continued, "to one side, the glass acts as a sort of mirror and projects the name on the other side of the glass onto the paper."

Beef said, "Gee, that's slick! Then all the forger has to do is to trace the shadowy letters in ink!"

"Yes," Chick nodded. "And this method gets away from the too exact copy that tracing gives. This wasn't the method the forger used in the case Beef was asking about. This forger did it by practise."

"One time," Chick looked reminiscent, "the autograph collectors of America got all excited. You probably know, that of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Button Gwinnet's autograph is the hardest to find."



"Yeah," said Beef, "collectors pay fabulous sums for a Gwinnet signature!"

"You can well imagine then, the fuss that was created when a man went to the papers and told about his having found a diary, a diary mind you, full of Button Gwinnet's handwriting and with his name all through it!

"What's more," Chick smiled at the memory, "the diary gave details of a double duel fought between two Americans. The parents of two famous Americans died as a result! The duel took place according to the diary, on September 7, 1751.

Sue suddenly smiled but said nothing.

"I won't say who the Americans were for, as I've told you, the whole diary was forged from cover to cover. A fake, a lie, an attack on the characters of these men. It was quite vicious but the forger got the attention he wanted.

"Publicity beyond anything he had dreamed of, resulted. Bids were made instantly for the diary. One famous collector offered a quarter of a million dollars!

"Every expert in the country was called to examine the diary. The consensus of opinion, so perfect was the forgery, was that the diary was genuine. One expert said that if it was forgery, it was the most perfect he had ever seen.



"The offer of \$250,000 was all set to go through. I can imagine how confident the forger was by this time, when Nick Carter just happened to talk about the case to me.

"He told me just what I've told you. I never saw the diary but I had one piece of knowledge, one thing I happened to remember. That knowledge, when I gave it to Nick, saved the collector a quarter of a million dollars, sent the forger to jail and destroyed this lying scandal about the parents of two of our forefathers."

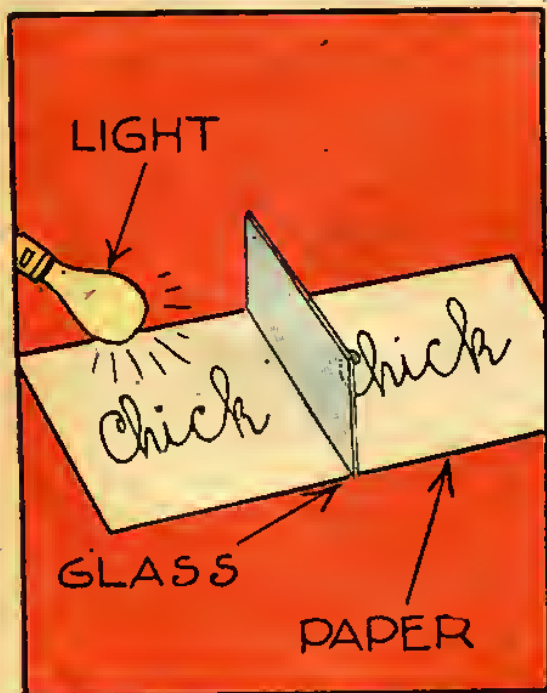
Chick paused and looked at the interested members inquiringly. "By any off chance, do any of you know the *one* mistake this *perfect* forger made?"

Sue smiled like the cat that ate the canary but said nothing as Beef popped to his feet.

"I'm not too sure about this, Chick, but weren't different ingredients used in making ink in those days? Wouldn't chemical analysis show a difference?"

"Very good, Beef, very good point. Only the various experts had, of course, thought of that. They analyzed the ink *and* the paper." Chick held up three fingers and went on: "There are three main types of ink in use now. They are gallotannic, chromic and anilin.

"If the forger had used any of these they'd have been spotted immediately. No—he was smarter than that. He made up ink exactly as it was made before the Revolutionary War here in America.





"Paper would have been a dead give away, too. But he licked that problem. As a matter of fact, in his confession, he said that what gave him the original idea to attempt the forgery was that he found an old, unused diary which he knew was from the proper period."



Beef had another idea. "Well, if the ink was okay and the paper too, aren't there tests that tell how old ink is?"

"Now you're cooking with gas!" Chick said. "Nine times out of ten, Chemical tests can determine pretty exactly just how long a time has elapsed between the writing and the present."

"But—" Chick paused, then: "this forger had one secret which he wouldn't divulge. He had a method, chemical, I think, by which he speeded up the ageing of the ink! To all tests the ink seemed well over two hundred years old!"

"Aw—I give up!" said Beef.

"Come on. You're doing fine!" said Chick. "Try again."

Sue could contain herself no longer. She got up and said: "Chick Carter, you're just being mean! If they don't know the one thing you know and which I also happen to know, they can't possibly figure it out!"

Chick looked sheepish. "Oh—I was just building to a climax, Sue. You tell them!"

"Chick told us," Sue said, "that the duel which wasn't held in which two men died, but didn't—happened on September 7, 1751. That's the giveaway! The forger didn't know that there was no such date! The calendar was changed that year and that date is impossible! There never was such a date because they skipped a whole week. The third of September counted as the fourteenth!"

"That's it!" said Chick. "Calendar reform made it necessary to leave out a whole week that year and this perfect forger not knowing this, had the duel take place on a day that never was!"

"I'll bet that taught him a lesson," chuckled Beef.

"If that didn't the jail sentence did!" answered Chick as he gathered up his school books. "That ends this meeting of the Inner Circle. Next meeting I'll tell you—no, I'll surprise you with what's on the agenda next time. So long, everybody!"



So long?—Too long to wait for Chick Carter? You don't have to! Tune in every weekday on the W.O.R, Mutual Network for Chick and Beef and Sue's thrilling adventures. It's a date—don't be late!

# CHICK CARTER

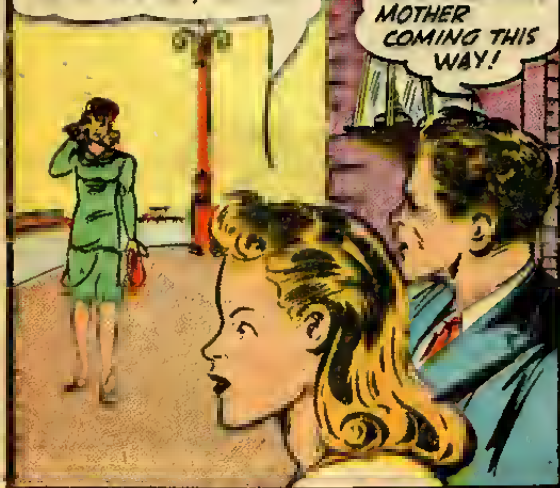
IN  
THE PHANTOM at the KEYBOARD

DEATH-DEATH AND  
DESTRUCTION! WOE  
UNTO YOU!---TODAY  
IS A BAD DAY---  
TOMORROW  
WILL BE WORSE!  
BEWARE!



THAT WAS THE BEST MEET-  
ING-OF THE INNER CIRCLE  
WE'VE HAD YET, CHICK

THANKS, SUE  
SAY, ISN'T THAT  
TOMMY MARTIN'S  
MOTHER  
COMING THIS  
WAY!

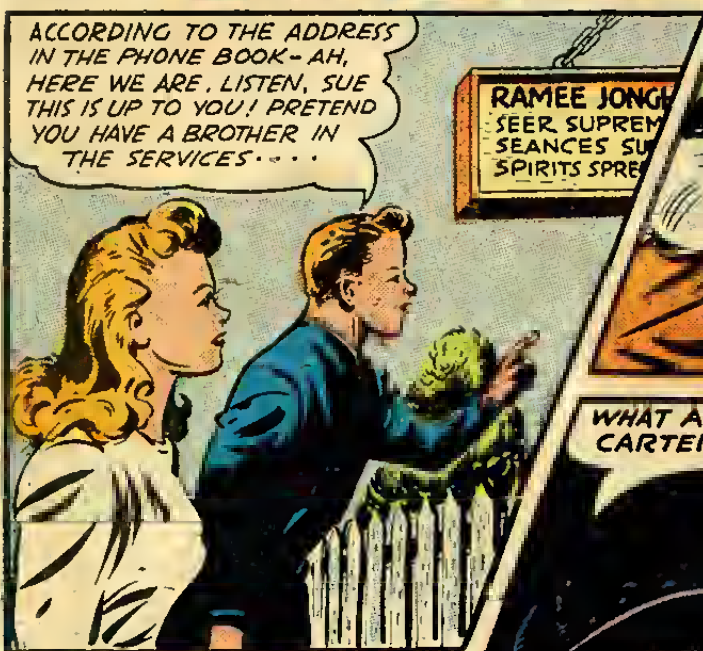
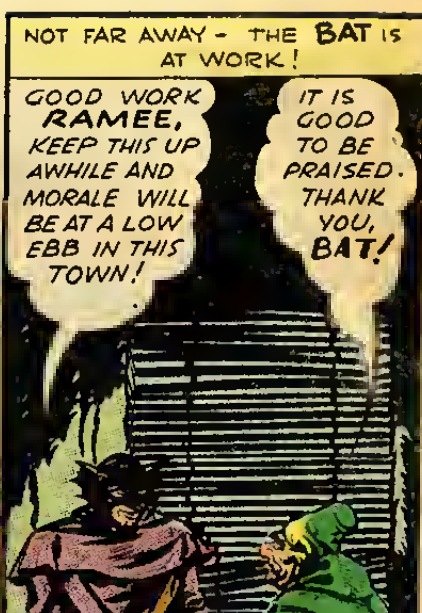
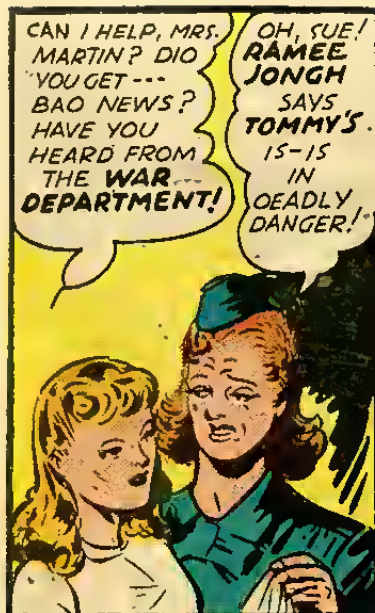


GEE, TOMMY'S A  
MARINE. DO  
YOU THINK...

FROM THE WAY  
SHE LOOKS, I  
GUESS SO, SUE---  
GO OVER AND---







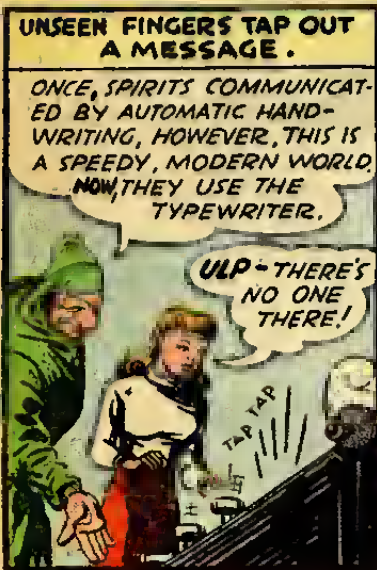


I WONDER IF  
YOU COULD  
TELL ME  
ABOUT MY  
BROTHER?  
HE'S IN---

TUT-TUT  
MY DEAR.  
DON'T  
TELL ME  
ANYTHING!  
I'M HERE  
TO TELL  
YOU  
THINGS  
BE SEATED,  
PLEASE.



I SEE--I SEE -- **DEATH!** I'M AFRAID THAT ANY  
MESSAGE FROM YOUR BROTHER WILL BE ONE  
FROM THE AFTERWORLD! LET US SEE WHAT  
THE SPIRIT TYPEWRITER TELLS US!



UNSEEN FINGERS TAP OUT  
A MESSAGE.

ONCE, SPIRITS COMMUNICATED  
BY AUTOMATIC HAND-  
WRITING, HOWEVER, THIS IS  
A SPEEDY, MODERN WORLD.  
NOW, THEY USE THE  
TYPEWRITER.

ULP--THERE'S  
NO ONE  
THERE!

TAP TAP



HOW-HOW DOES IT KNOW  
MY NAME

NOTHING IS  
SECRET TO THE  
SPIRIT

DEATH IS NEAR  
BEWARE!  
SUE  
PENNINGTON  
DEATH  
IS NEAR!



MEANWHILE, CHICK  
INVESTIGATES....

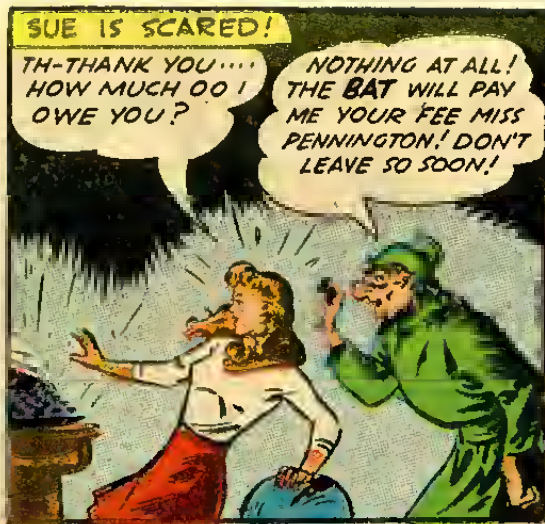
SUE'S BEEN  
GONE TOO LONG!  
IF ANYTHING HAS  
HAPPENED TO HER...

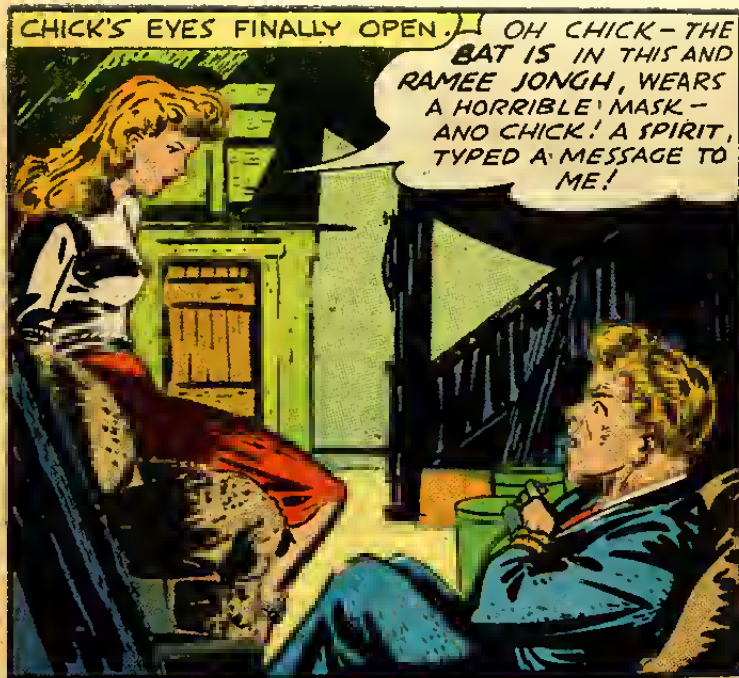


STEP INTO MY PARLOR,  
SAID THE BAT TO  
THE BRAT!

YOU! THE BAT  
AND I SENT SUE  
IN ALONE!







CHICK'S EYES FINALLY OPEN.

OH CHICK—THE BAT IS IN THIS AND RAMEE JONGH, WEARS A HORRIBLE MASK—AND CHICK! A SPIRIT, TYPED A MESSAGE TO ME!



SUDDENLY— NEARBY, THE SOUND OF A TYPEWRITER---

THERE IT IS NOW! GHOSTLY HANDS AT A TYPEWRITER! CHICK, I'M SCARED!

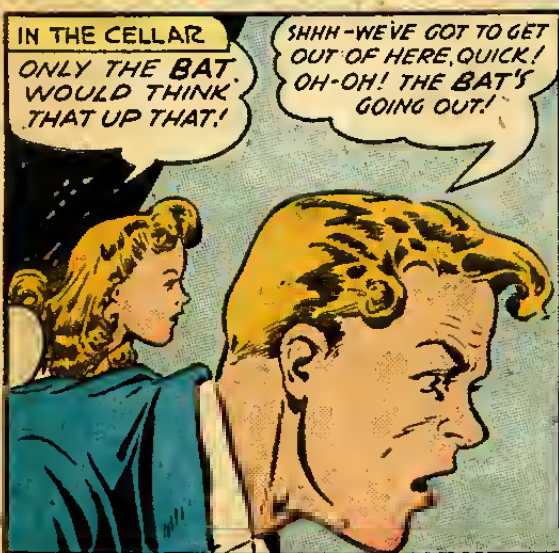
SHHH

UPSTAIRS IN THE SEANCE ROOM A GRIEVING MOTHER

"TOMORROW IS A BAD DAY, YOUR SON WILL..."  
OH NO!



SO THAT'S HOW TO MAKE A SPOOK TYPE!



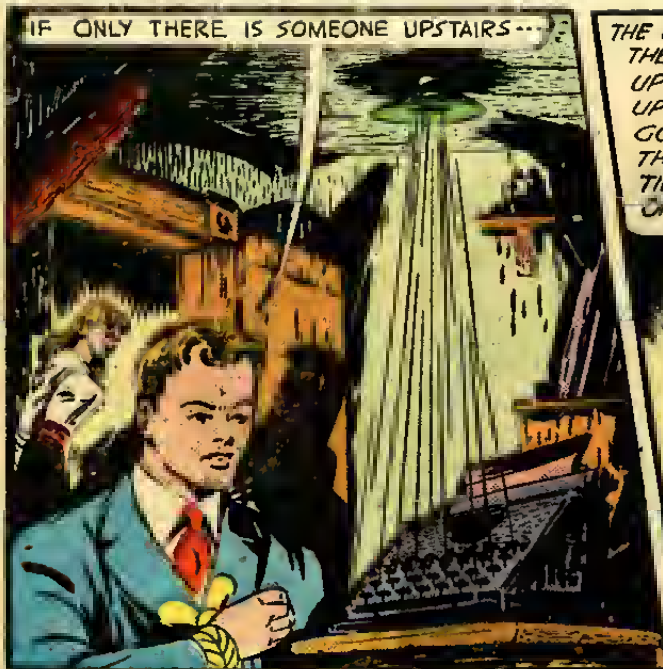
IN THE CELLAR ONLY THE BAT WOULD THINK THAT UP THAT!

SHHH—WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, QUICK! OH-OH! THE BAT'S GOING OUT!



WE HAVE ONE CHANCE--- IF I CAN GET TO THAT---

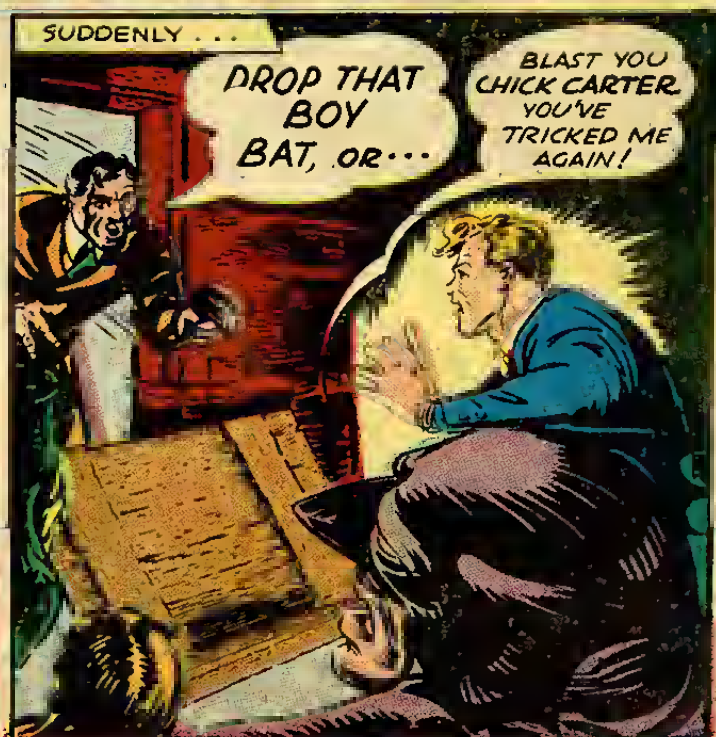
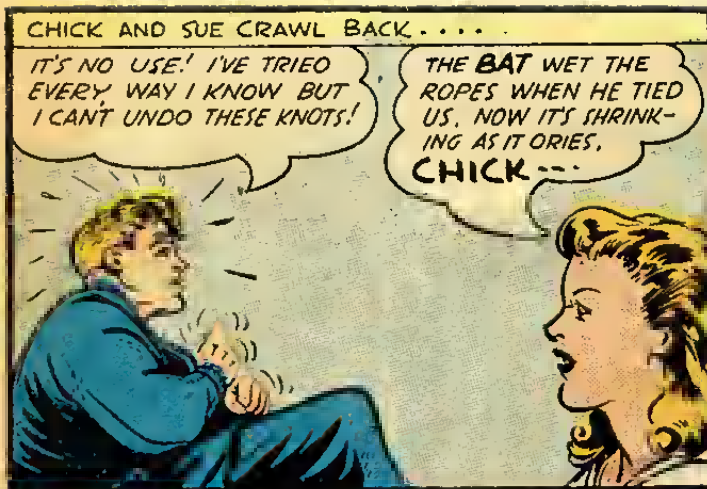




THE BAT IS THE GHOST!  
THESE STRINGS CONNECT  
UP WITH THE TYPEWRITER  
UPSTAIRS! THE STRINGS  
GO THRU THE LEG OF  
THE STAND AND ARE  
TIED TO THE LEVERS  
OF THE KEYS!

IT'S TYPICAL  
OF THE  
BAT'S  
FIENDISH  
INGENUITY!







THE SHERIFF HOLDS HIS FIRE FOR FEAR OF HITTING CHICK!



STOP HIM! HE CAN  
ESCAPE IN THE RIVER  
BELOW!

TOO LATE --- THE **BAT**  
ESCAPED.

HE MADE HIS  
GET AWAY!

BUT RAMEE  
DION'T! AND  
NOW WE'LL  
SEE WHO HE  
REALLY IS, WITH  
THAT AWFUL  
MASK OFF!



THE SHERIFF CUTS OFF THEIR BONDS.

WHAT GOES ON HERE?  
MRS. HUDSON RAN IN  
AND SHOWED ME A  
"GHOST MESSAGE"  
WHICH ENDED WITH A  
CALL FOR HELP FROM  
**YOU!**

THAT WAS WHAT I  
HOPED FOR, WHEN  
I TYPED IT. THE  
**BAT** HAS BEEN  
STEALING GOVERN-  
MENT MAIL, LETTER  
ABOUT CASUALTIES!



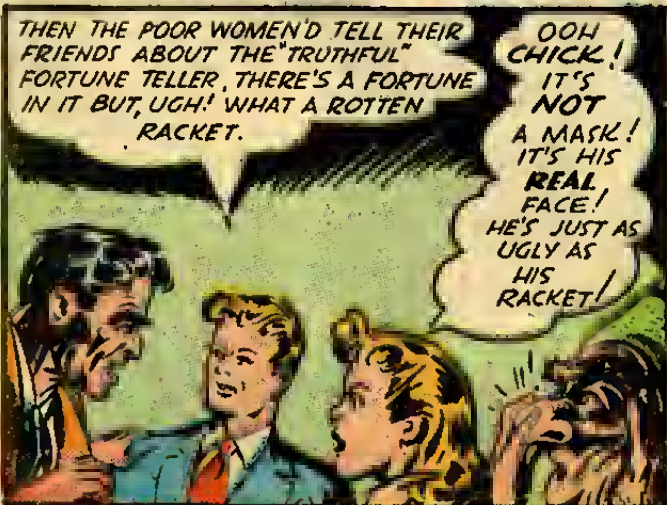
WITH THAT INFORMATION THIS RAT IN  
THE MASK POSED AS A FORTUNE TELLER  
WITH A SPOOKY TYPEWRITER! SURE HE  
COULD TELL MRS. HUDSON HER SON  
WOULD DIE! HE WAS ALREADY  
DEAD. THEN THEY'D DELIVER  
THE FATAL  
LETTER!

TAKE IT OFF, YDU  
HORRIBLE CREATURE!



THEN THE POOR WOMEN'D TELL THEIR  
FRIENDS ABOUT THE "TRUTHFUL"  
FORTUNE TELLER. THERE'S A FORTUNE  
IN IT BUT, UGH! WHAT A ROTTEN  
RACKET.

OOH  
CHICK!  
IT'S  
**NOT**  
A MASK!  
IT'S HIS  
**REAL**  
FACE!  
HE'S JUST AS  
UGLY AS  
HIS  
RACKET!



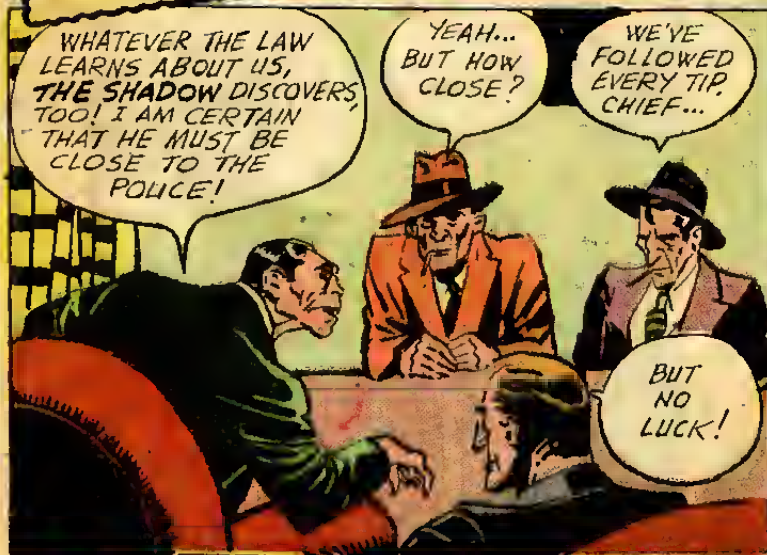
YOU'VE GOT ONE MORE WEEK  
TO READ ABOUT NICK CARTER!

A thrilling Nick Carter story,  
THE CASE OF THE MELTING  
ARTICHOKES, appears in the  
July SHADOW MAGAZINE ...  
but it's only going to be on sale  
one more week...so hurry, hurry,  
hurry! Go to your newsstand  
now and get the July issue of  
THE SHADOW MAGAZINE

# The SHADOW and the COILS of the PYTHON



**L**ONG HAVE CROOKS SOUGHT TO TRAP THEIR NEMESIS, **THE SHADOW**, UNTIL NOW AN ARCH-FIEND, WHO STYLES HIMSELF, **THE PYTHON**, HAS FOUND A WAY TO DO IT !!!



WHATEVER THE LAW LEARNS ABOUT US, **THE SHADOW** DISCOVERS, TOO! I AM CERTAIN THAT HE MUST BE CLOSE TO THE POLICE!

YEAH... BUT HOW CLOSE?

WE'VE FOLLOWED EVERY TIP, CHIEF...

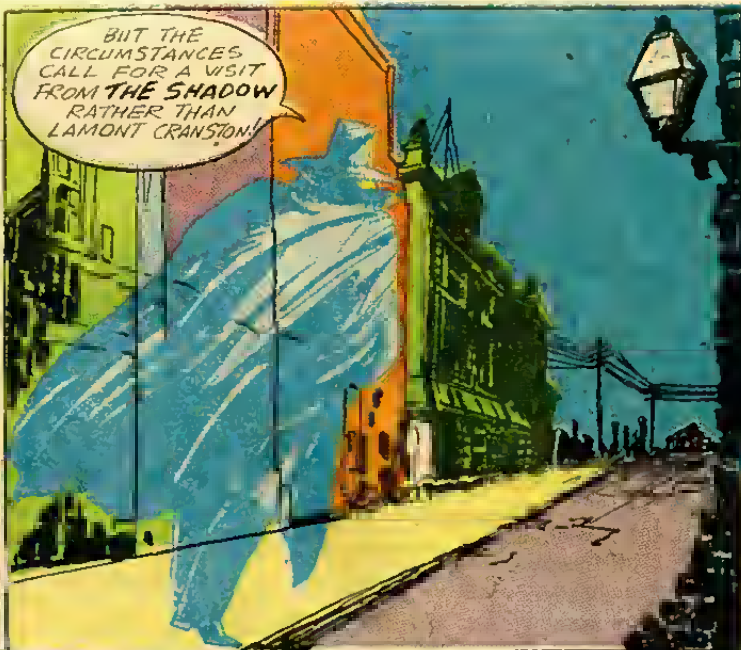
BUT NO LUCK!



YOU HAVE NOT LOOKED HIGH ENOUGH FOR THE LINK! I BELIEVE THAT **THE SHADOW** MUST BE THE COMMISSIONER'S FRIEND, **LAMONT CRANSTON**!



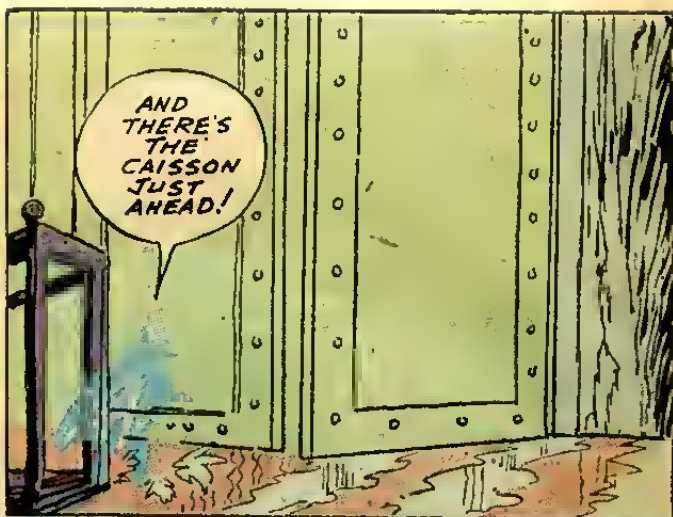








AT  
LEAST  
THE  
ELEVATOR  
IS STILL  
OPERATING.



AND  
THERE'S  
THE  
CAISSON  
JUST  
AHEAD!



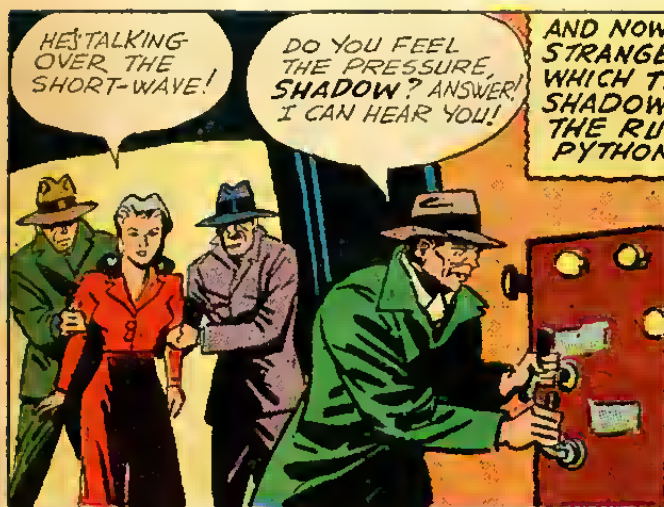
NO WONDER  
WORK WAS  
CALLED OFF!  
THERE WERE  
TOO MANY  
FLAWS IN  
THE RIVER  
BED!



THERE  
GO THE  
BIG DOORS!  
THIS  
CAISSON  
IS STILL  
IN USE!



AND NOW TO  
CONTRACT THE  
PYTHON'S COILS!



HE'S TALKING  
OVER THE  
SHORT-WAVE!

DO YOU FEEL  
THE PRESSURE,  
**SHADOW?** ANSWER!  
I CAN HEAR YOU!!

AND NOW BEGINS THE  
STRANGE DUEL IN  
WHICH THE HELPLESS  
**SHADOW** DEFIES  
THE RUTHLESS  
**PYTHON** !!!

WHAT  
PRESSURE,  
**PYTHON?**  
IS THIS  
A MERE  
GAME?



SO YOU WANT  
ME TO GIVE  
YOU MORE!  
DO YOU FEEL  
IT NOW,  
**SHADOW?**

I STILL  
DON'T  
FEEL IT,  
**PYTHON!**



YOU'LL FEEL  
**THAT**  
PRESSURE,  
**SHADOW!**

NOT...  
YET...

THE FLOW FROM THE WALL HAS  
REDUCED TO A TRICKLE !!!  
**WATCH WHAT HAPPENS...**



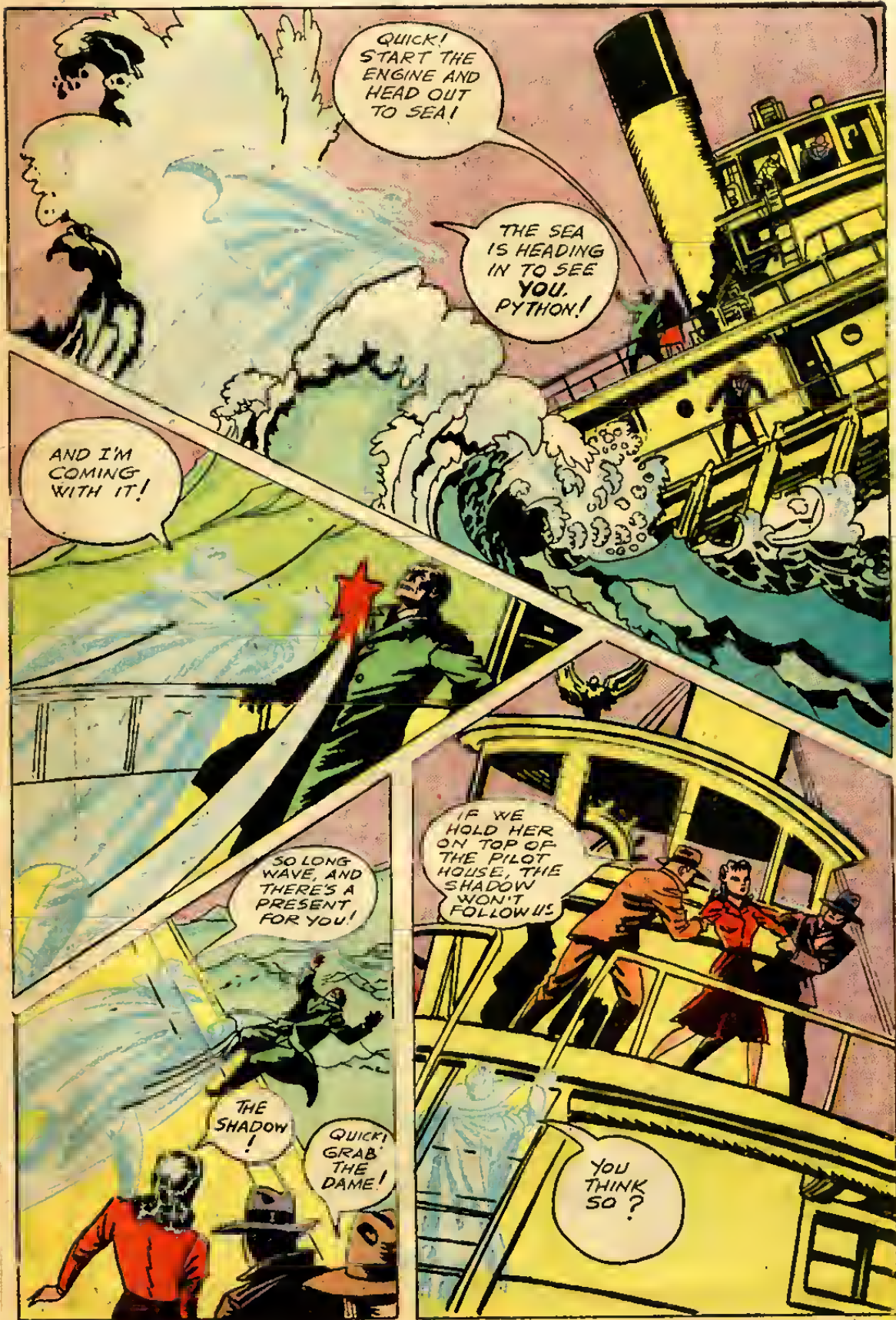
WHEN IT  
ENDS !!!

POW

IT'S A  
WATER SPOUT  
!

COMING  
OUT OF  
NOWHERE!

BURSTING UNDER  
THE TERRIFIC  
COMPRESSION, THE  
FAULTY ROCK SPLITS  
AND THE SHADOW  
IS DRIVEN UP  
THROUGH AN  
OPENING FISSURE  
BY THE POWER  
OF THE PACKED  
AIR !!!



QUICK!  
START THE  
ENGINE AND  
HEAD OUT  
TO SEA!

THE SEA  
IS HEADING  
IN TO SEE  
YOU,  
PYTHON!

AND I'M  
COMING  
WITH IT!

SO LONG  
WAVE, AND  
THERE'S A  
PRESENT  
FOR YOU!

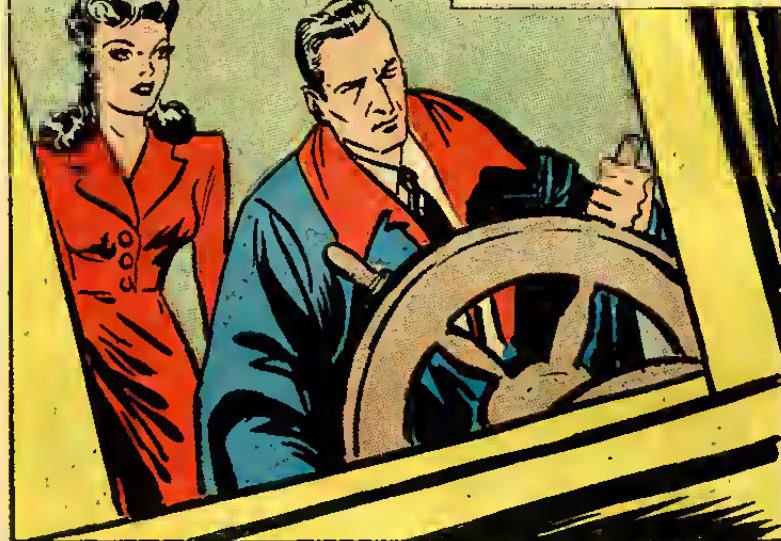
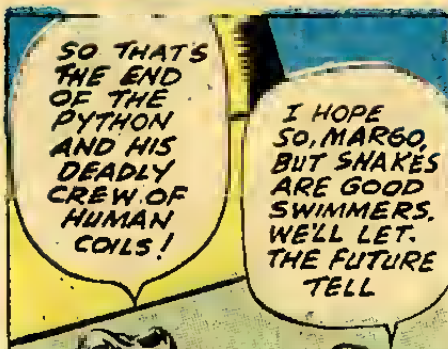
IF WE  
HOLD HER  
ON TOP OF  
THE PILOT  
HOUSE, THE  
SHADOW  
WON'T  
FOLLOW US!

THE  
SHADOW  
!

QUICK!  
GRAB  
THE  
DAME!

YOU  
THINK  
SO ?





## EXTRA!

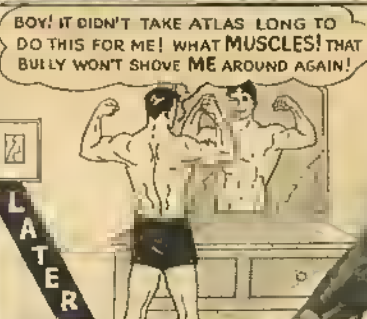
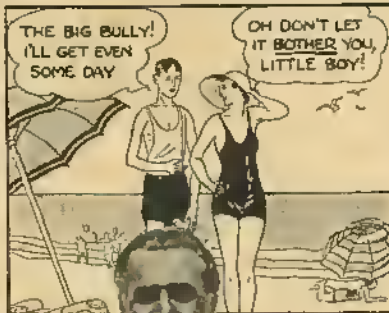
THE SHADOW VISITS  
JAPAN AND SOLVES  
A PUZZLE WHICH YOU  
CAN DO TO MYSTIFY  
YOUR FRIENDS

IT'S IN

SHADOW COMICS  
FOR SEPTEMBER  
ON SALE JULY 28

HOW JOE'S BODY  
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD  
OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too,  
in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

IF YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It! Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD

than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

#### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—to my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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Charles  
Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 308D,  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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Name .....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A



# I Will Train You at Home For

# Vital Jobs Now Open in RADIO



## Many Jobs Now Open Pay \$50 a Week

Would you like a good civilian job vital to the war effort that has a bright future after the war? Would you like to be in line for promotions in rank and pay if you're called into Military Service? Then get my FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." Find out how I train you at home to be a Radio Technician or Radio Operator!

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Radio has jumped from a great peacetime business to a booming war industry. The Radio repair business is booming because no new Radios are being made. Radio Technicians and Operators are needed—hundreds of them—for vital jobs at good wages.

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation Radio and Police Radio, and other Radio branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians. Radio Manufacturers, now working on Government orders for Radio equipment, employ trained men. The Government too needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women. You may never see a time again when it will be so easy to get started in this fascinating field!

### Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$70 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

This day you enroll for my Course I start sending you EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that soon show how to earn EXTRA money fixing Radios. Many make \$5, \$10 a week EXTRA in spare time while still learning. I send you 81X big kits of real Radio parts.

You LEARN Radio fundamentals from my Lessons—PRACTICE what you learn by building typical circuits like those illustrated on this page—PROVE what you learn by interesting tests on the circuits you build.

**Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too**

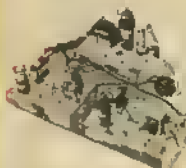
There's a real need in Army, Navy for trained Radio men. If you have completed a course in Radio you stand a good chance of being assigned to communications work. N. R. I. has trained many men who now hold specialist's ratings. Over 1,700 Servicemen are enrolled with N. R. I.

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You build this SUPERHETERODYNE CIRCUIT containing a pre-selector, oscillator-mixer-first detector, i.f. stage, diode-detector-a.v.c. stage and audio stage. It will bring in local and distant stations. Get the thrill of learning at home evenings in spare time while you put the set through fascinating tests!



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"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month." A. J. FROEHLER, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.



"I cannot divulge any information as to my work, but N. R. I. training is coming in handy." L. R. W. ANDERSON, (Address omitted for military reasons.)



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Age

Name

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